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THE ADORATION OF THE THREE KINGS BY HIERONYMUS BOSCH

By SIR LIONEL CUST, K.C.V.O.

AMONG all the painters of the Early Netherlandish school a very special interest attaches itself to the original work of the painter, usually known as Hieronymus (Jerome) Bosch. It is curious that so little should be known of the early life and training of this remarkable artist, who departed so much from the conventions of tradition. Even Van Mander could find out very little about him. All that is known about him is that he was by family Hieronymus van Aeken, or Aquen (Aquensis), indicating a family origin in or about Aix-la-Chapelle, but that he was actually born at s'Hertogenbosch, or Bois-le-Duc, in Holland, apparently about 1462, and that he worked for the best part of his life in his native town, where he died in 1515. Hence his usual name was Hieronymus Bosch, or Bos, and in such compositions to which his name is attached it is always written *JHieronimus Bosch* in Gothic letters.

All authorities agree in regarding as among the earliest known works by Bosch a series of similar paintings representing "The Adoration of the Three Kings," which show a marked originality of treatment and composition, but as yet offer but little indication of that strange medley of religion, morality, satire, rusticity, and *diablerie* in general of which Bosch seems to have been the pioneer. This particular subject, as treated by Bosch, seems to have been a popular success, and several versions are now known to exist, some of them in the United States owing to the special interest in this artist shown by the late Mr. J. G. Johnson of Philadelphia, who owned three paintings by or attributed to Bosch, reproduced in the illustrated catalogue of Mr. Johnson's collection. To those should be added the painting of the same subject in the Metropolitan Museum at New York, of which, with Mr. Johnson's pictures, an interesting study with reproductions is given by Mr. F. J. Mather, Jun., in "Art in America" for December 1917.

It must be sufficient in this article to discuss one version only of this composition—that

which occurs in numerous repetitions, showing that it must have enjoyed an unusual amount of popularity.

The repetitions of this painting fall into two groups. One of these groups is headed by a well-known triptych in the Prado Gallery at Madrid (Fig. I). This painting has usually been identified as that which in 1568 was the property of Jean de Casembroot, Seigneur de Backerszeele, and which was confiscated during the Alvan persecution in the Netherlands for Philip II, and taken to Spain. In a recent edition of the catalogue of the Prado Gallery doubt is cast upon this statement of origin, as the picture cannot be traced beyond the time of Philip IV, when it occupied a place in his private oratory at the Alcazar.* This triptych has figures of donors on the wings with their patron saints, and armorial bearings which have been identified as those borne by the families of Brouckhorst and Bosshuyse.

The central composition represents a tumble-down kind of shanty, under the penthouse of which the Virgin is seated with the Child upon her lap. In the foreground are the three Kings, the eldest kneeling in prayer, and a second King standing by him clad in a mantle over which is a tippet, on which is embroidered in high relief the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Before them lie a fantastic helmet, surmounted by two pelicans and what is apparently the lid of a cup, surmounted by a group representing the Sacrifice of Isaac. Behind them stands the third King, a negro in dazzling white robes, holding an orb chased with a scene representing a suppliant before a King and surmounted by a parakeet; this King is attended by a negro page. Within the shanty are seen figures apparently representing the messengers sent by Herod to report upon the event; the foremost of these is partially nude, wears on his head a fantastic turban, with an aigrette, and holds in his left hand a richly-ornamented vessel, or jar. A group of shepherds are behind the shed, one peering through a hole

* See P. Lafond, *Hieronimus Bosch*.

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in the wall, another climbing a tree, while two have climbed on to the roof of the shed and are looking down upon the scene. Behind the shed is seen a rolling, hilly landscape, with a river scene and groups of horsemen. In the Prado painting this landscape is continued in the arch of the composition by sandy dunes beyond which on the horizon are seen the buildings of a town, with conventional renderings of the Holy Sepulchre and other large buildings. From this painting at the Prado are clearly copied the versions in the Ryksmuseum at Amsterdam, the Museum at St. Omer, the collection of Mr. Adeane at Babraham, and elsewhere.

Another rendering of this same composition has for its original the painting belonging to Lord Leconfield at Petworth House (Fig. II). In this version, which is rectangular in shape, the sandy dunes are omitted, and the landscape occupies a better plane, culminating in the town on the horizon, above which shines the Star in the East in the style of a Sun. It is obvious that the version of this subject in the Johnson collection at Philadelphia (Fig. III) can only be a copy of the painting at Petworth. Other versions of the same composition, such as that in reverse at Anderlecht near Brussels,* need only be noted as derivatives from the original by Hieronymus Bosch and of a later date.

The question as to the actual original is

therefore confined to the two versions at the Prado and at Petworth. The Prado painting bears the usual signature *JHieronimus Bosch* in Gothic letters, but there is no actual proof that this signature, which occurs on engravings by Alart du Hameel and others after printings by Bosch, was actually placed on the painting

by the painter himself. The Petworth version is so startling in its freshness and brilliancy, so complete in its construction, that it is difficult to believe that it can be only a secondary version of this composition. On the other hand, in the Prado version, in order to fill the dimensions of an arched triptych, the painter has been compelled to extend the landscape by the introduction of the sandy dunes somewhat to the detriment of balance in the composition. It is safer to assume that both versions at the Prado and at Petworth are the genuine work of the master himself.

Regarding these paintings of "The Adoration of the Three Kings" as among the earliest known works of Hieronymus Bosch, the question arises as to the stages by which this artist could have risen to such a perfection of

technical skill in painting and composition, as well as original delineation of character, as is shown for instance in the painting at Petworth. No young painter could have produced straight away a work so technically perfect. Who were his teachers and to what school did he belong? His work of Bois-le-Duc seems to be all of later date. Whence did he obtain that creative originality which made him the



FIG. I. THE ADORATION OF THE THREE KINGS
By Hieronymus Bosch
In the Prado, Madrid

* See Fierens-Geraert, *Les Primitifs Flamands*, iii, pl. cxxx.

The Adoration of the Three Kings by Hieronymus Bosch

real founder of genre painting—the precursor of the Breughels, Teniers, and to a great extent of Rubens? A careful study of the composition in such a painting as “The Adoration of the Three Kings” at Petworth shows that, apart from the realistic originality shown

produced two artists of the highest skill and originality in Robert Campin, if he be indeed the so-called Master of Flemalle, and Rogier Van der Weyden. The making of pictures was in the nature of a trade, and a promising young artist would in the ordinary course of life be sent or



FIG. II. THE ADORATION OF THE THREE KINGS

By Hieronymus Bosch

In Lord Leconfield's collection, Petworth

in the actual figures, the composition follows certain conventions, which can be traced to the school of Tournay—that of Robert Campin and Jacques Daret, as may be seen by reference to the learned studies of Daret by Prof. G. Hulin in the “Burlington Magazine.”* The school of Tournay flourished alongside that of the Van Eycks at Bruges and Ghent, and for a time

* Vol. xv, p. 202, and vol. xix, p. 218.

apprenticed to learn his craft in one of the great *ateliers* or *botteghe* of painting, some of which were at work for a century or longer, established under the direction of some leading painter, such as Rogier Van der Weyden, and continuing faithfully their traditions at Bruges, Ghent, Tournay, Brussels, Utrecht, or elsewhere. Even so great a painter as Hans Memlinc has recently been shown by Prof.

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Hulin* to have been at first a mere assistant or copyist in the workshop of Rogier Van der Weyden. In these picture-factories a young artist would have to work without disclosure of his identity until he was fully fledged and able to fly on his own account, with permission of

of such surprising originality as to excite special interest in the origin and development of his peculiar creative art. In Bosch is seen the spirit of the new age, the growth of the popular spirit with its revolt against the conventions imposed by medieval Church and



FIG. III. THE ADORATION OF THE THREE KINGS

By Hieronymus Bosch

In the collection of the late Mr. J. G. Johnson, Philadelphia

the particular guild to which he of necessity would have been admitted. There is nothing surprising in the fact that the earliest works to be ascribed definitely to a painter should show no signs of stumbling or inexperience and be executed with such faultlessness of technique as the painting by Bosch at Petworth. They are the works of a master, not of an apprentice.

Hieronimus Bosch is himself an artist

* *Burlington Magazine*, April 1928.

State. His birth almost synchronizes with the invention of printing with movable types, that invention which was to alter completely the intellectual balance of the world. During the last twenty years or so the patient investigations of such students as Comte Durrieu, Prof. Hulin de Loo, Dr. Max Friedländer, Dr. W. H. J. Weale, and other writers on the early art of the Netherlands, have shown the important part played in the history of painting

The Adoration of the Three Kings by Hieronymus Bosch

by the art of the illuminator and miniaturist, and it seems almost certain now that even such great pioneers of painting as Hubrecht and Jan Van Eyck received their early training in one of the great schools devoted to the production of illuminated manuscripts in Hainault, Flanders, or Picardy. The landscapes and accessories in many Early Netherlandish paintings show the persistence of certain conventions derived from the limited space for imagination to be found in the illuminated pages of these manuscripts. The landscape in "The Adoration of the Three Kings" at Petworth shows a conventional background with the view of an imaginary Jerusalem, such as might be found in the pages of an illuminated missal. This may be compared with the buildings in the background of Hubrecht Van Eyck in his "Three Maries at the Sepulchre."

The activity of the scribe and miniaturist became by degrees more and more free from the shackles of the Church, and extended itself to poems and other writings of a more popular nature. The invention of printing opened wide the door for literary expansion, and was quickly used as an instrument of popular expression. The increased use of the cognate arts of woodcutting and copper-plate engraving afforded further opportunities for such expression. Contemporary almost with Bosch, though working in quite a different style, such artists in Rhenish Germany as the so-called Master E. S. of 1466, and the Master of the Hausbuch, were showing a rough freedom in choice of subject which, when blended with the suaver and more cultivated influence of Flemish painters like Rogier Van der Weyden, was eventually to produce a Dürer and a Holbein.

There now came into existence, derived from the popular mystery plays, those curious societies known as Chambers of Rhetoric, so peculiar to the Netherlands, in which the mysticism of the Middle Ages was blended with the classical traditions of the schoolmen as well as with the almost audacious freedom of the new phases of popular thought and imagination. Of this curious literary and intellectual medley Bosch was the earliest and certainly the greatest illustrator. Pieter Brueghel, perhaps a greater artist all round than Hieronymus Bosch, was yet a mere follower of Bosch in his development of the genre in painting, and still more so in the production of those curious allegories, mummeries,

diableries, so difficult in these days to interpret, which were poured forth in profusion from the great publishing firm of Hieronymus Cock at Antwerp, and were probably purchased in numbers at the *Kermesses* and other popular festivals in the Netherlands and on the Rhine.

Quentin Metsys was another pioneer of realism in painting human life and manners. Great painter as he was, he inaugurated a school which quickly degenerated into coarseness and almost brutality. This was never the case with Bosch and Brueghel, who were artists of great refinement. Bosch may be realistic, fanciful, suggestive, but he is never vulgar or offensive, and always maintains his sense of humour. Comparison has been drawn between the exaggerated facial caricatures affected by Bosch and Metsys, and those drawn by the great Leonardo da Vinci. There seems to be little probability that a painter, so severely localized as Bosch, could have ever been brought into contact with the works of Leonardo. On the other hand the drolleries, *diableries*, and the like, which were produced by Bosch and his imitators, were probably circulated as paintings or engravings by pedlars all along the great arteries of commerce between the North Sea and the Mediterranean. When an age is undergoing a period of gestation as in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, instances may be found where new ideas of thought and imagination have seen their birth simultaneously in different countries, without any possible means of communication with each other. It may have been the case with Leonardo and Hieronymus Bosch. The two artists were very nearly the same age, Leonardo being but ten or twelve years the senior; but Bosch was dead in 1516, before Leonardo came to France. Indeed, Leonardo is more likely to have seen works by Bosch than the other way round. The popularity of paintings by Bosch and his imitators was by no means terminated by the death of Bosch, and fifty years later Philip II of Spain made a special collection of these pictures, in which he seems to have taken a particular delight. At the present day the works of Hieronymus Bosch are sought eagerly by collectors, and each painting, which can be attributed to his own hand, is valued for its place in the history of the Fine Arts. Genuine paintings by the great artist himself are, however, extremely rare.

ENGLAND'S GLORY AT SEA IN OLD PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

(The illustrations are reproduced by the courtesy of the Parker Galleries)

THE perennial fascination of old naval prints is derived scarcely at all from their relation to the vicissitudes of the sea, but largely from their pictorial suggestion of human drama and romance, touched by the sentiment of glory. Nowadays we paint the sea for her own sake, finding a motive in the rhythms of

a wave or the shadows of a passing rack. Under the imaginatively expressive inspiration, chiefly of Turner, we have learnt to realize all the pictorial possibilities of the sea. We may see her in moods of hazy calm or of a cloudy majesty with a billowy tumult and winds shrieking through the spumy air. Every light in the sky is suggestively reflected in the waters, whose face blushes at the stately pageantry of the sun's rising and setting. We paint with imagination and truth, and all the poetry, beauty, immensity and mystery of the sea and the heavens may be revealed as well in a tiny cove as on the boundless ocean. In the painting of earlier days, however, the sea was never a subject in herself—no painter would have thought of seeking an artistic motive in her changing aspects; she was always auxiliary to the subject in hand, were it a naval action, an exploring adventure, a shipwreck, or what not. The ship, not the sea, was ever the painter's study: the waves might be depicted more or less in conventional fashion, the sky might show an impressive display of cloud according to the artist's fancy appropriate to the occasion; but the nautical positions and the details of the vessels would be graphically shown as faithfully as they were described by those who had actually been engaged. This held true with few exceptions during the period



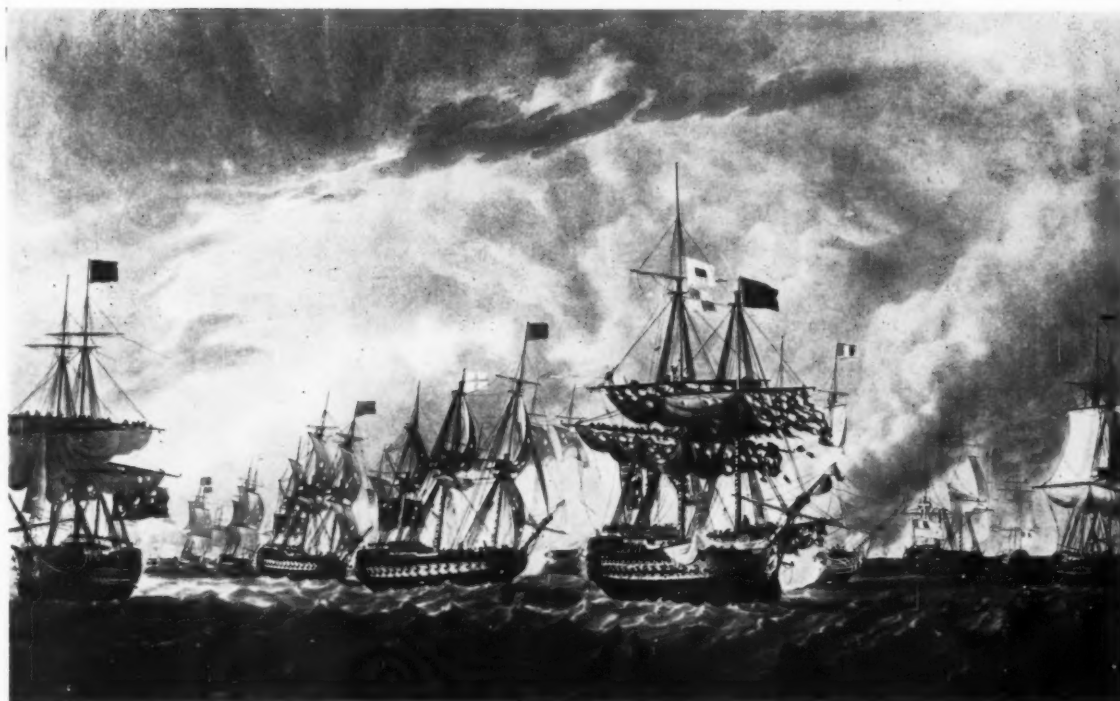
CAPTURE OF THE FRENCH FRIGATE LA CLÉOPÂTRE BY
H.M.S. NYMPHE, JUNE 17, 1793

Painted and engraved by Robert Dodd

of our wars with France, Spain, Holland, Denmark, and America; and this period, which was covered by innumerable glorious deeds of the British Navy, saw the publication of countless prints illustrating these, chiefly in line-engraving and, for the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the

early years of the nineteenth, in aquatint, printed perhaps in one tint, or at most two, but mainly coloured by hand; while memorable human incidents of those "battles long ago," which attracted the topical painter, were translated into mezzotint. These prints, of course, form a goodly proportion of the famous Macpherson collection, which at length, after much anxious uncertainty, has become a proud national possession. They may also be seen in ample numbers in the new Parker Galleries, 28 Berkeley Square, an elegant eighteenth-century house where, after many changes, the old firm of print-sellers, Henry Parker, has been established very appropriately by Captain Harry Parker, the direct descendant of the founder in 1750. Under the instructed guidance of this well-informed expert in graphic naval history one may spend time inspiringly among these prints, and feel that the whole glorious past of the British Navy is epitomized in the galleries, for there are few notable actions recorded in Joseph Allen's "Battles of the British Navy" that Captain Parker cannot produce in illustration. Here, for instance, is that brilliant engagement of June 17, 1793, at the beginning of the war with revolutionary France, which won Captain Edward Pellew his knighthood, the first of the many honours of the future Viscount Exmouth

England's Glory at Sea in Old Prints



LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OF THE "GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE," 1794.
REGAINING THE WIND OF THE ENEMY ON MAY 29.

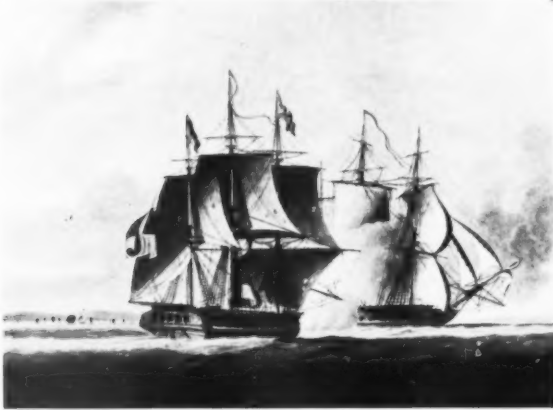
Painted and engraved
by Robert Dodd

of Algerian fame. Captain Pellew was always in some glorious action or other, and in this he commanded H.M.S. *Nymphe*, which the *Flora* had captured from the French thirteen years earlier, and fought Captain Mullon in *La Cléopâtre*. Both were 36-gun frigates, and, before engaging, each ship made a gallant gesture reminding one of the initial courtesies of the opposing officers at Fontenoy. The French ship shortened sail to await the British, which she hailed and was greeted with three hearty British cheers, whereupon the French commander advanced to the gangway and, waving his hat, cried "*Vive la Nation!*" Then a furious action began, which resulted in the boarding of *La Cléopâtre* and the striking of her colours after her gallant captain had been killed. Robert Dodd, the painter and engraver of so many naval actions of the period, shows us vividly the two frigates at the beginning of the engagement, running before the wind within hail of each other in a calm, rippling sea, before masts were shot away and they fell alongside, when the deadly hand-to-hand fighting ensued under an appropriately frowning sky.

Among the thirty or forty prints illustrating Lord Howe's victory of the "Glorious First of June," 1794, when in the three days' fighting we lost 1,140 men, here is Dodd's breezy aquatint of the British Fleet, with their sails all "tattered and torn," regaining the wind of the enemy on the evening of May 29, before the thick fog supervened and enabled them to repair damages in time for the main action on the 1st. With his wonted care for accuracy, Dodd presents the ships as if they were actually in motion through the buoyant water, and gives them an unusual look of humanity in showing the sailors in the rigging and manning the yards to furl sails. Whether or not the lighting was atmospherically true to fact, and there were certainly no signs of approaching fog, Dodd managed always to give a plausible aspect of the moment. Of his two aquatints illustrating Sir John Jervis's decisive victory over the Spanish Fleet off Cape St. Vincent on February 15, 1797, I have chosen that which shows the British Fleet in two lines cutting through the Spanish and dividing their forces. The British ships are sailing gaily close-hauled to the wind, with

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their stern-galleries and their gallant hulls suggesting a stolid strength, and all their national assurance vaunted in the proud display of their Union Jacks. In the other print we have, under a dramatic sky, a view of the



ACTION BETWEEN H.M.S. SHANNON AND THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE, JUNE 1, 1813.

Painted by John Theophilus Lee, engraved by Joseph Jeakes

action at its severest, with Commodore Nelson in the *Captain* running foul of the two Spanish ships of the line, *San Nicolas* and *San Josef*, to board and to capture them gloriously.

Then, here is one of Dodd's aquatints of the Battle of the Nile "on the ensuing morning," with the *Orient* in flames before she blew up, and the ship in the centre of the picture with all her sails shot through, but every rope and halyard taut and untouched, and not a soul visible, though some puzzling wreckage in the forewater employs activities that are not altogether convincing. Another of Nelson's heroic achievements—the Battle of Copenhagen, in which, though second to Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, all the glory was Nelson's—engaged the indefatigable Dodd in at least three aquatints, of which the "Passage of the Sound" illustrates with dramatic effect the British pluck and audacity that opened the operations on March 30, 1801. Our fleet formed line ahead, Nelson commanding the van, and with a stiff breeze blowing we advanced boldly up the Sound, daring but eluding the guns of the Castle of Cronenburg, though there was deadly work enough on April 2, when the brave Danes fought their ships to the last. The Battle of Trafalgar has inspired drawings and paintings galore and

innumerable prints from many methods, but I doubt if any contemporary print gives a more actual impression of the pell-mell of an old-time naval battle than that aquatinted by Joseph Jeakes after the painting by T. Whitcombe. It shows us the battle waging under a grey sky with a light wind and a sea of some turbulence, while from a mysterious break in the clouds a great patch of light is on the waters, just where the *Victory*, with shot-torn sails, is engaging the *Santisima Trinidad*, Nelson's old enemy, and the same light shows up the *Royal Sovereign*, which Collingwood, in Nelson's words, had carried so nobly into action, now with her main and mizzen masts gone by the board, yet still majestic, just after the great *Santa Ana* had struck her colours to her. Jeakes was also the engraver of a well-informed painting, by John Theophilus Lee, of the famous engagement between the British frigate *Shannon* and the American *Chesapeake* off Boston lighthouse on June 1, 1813. Captain Broke of the *Shannon*, tired of blockading United States frigates in Boston harbour, sent a gallantly-worded challenge to Captain James Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, giving frankly particulars of his own armament and the numbers of his crew, and entreating him to bring out his ship and try conclusions with the *Shannon*.



BATTLE OF NAVARINO, OCTOBER 20, 1827.

Engraved by R. Smart and H. Pyall, from drawings by Sir John Theophilus Lee, under the inspection of Captain Lord Ingestrie

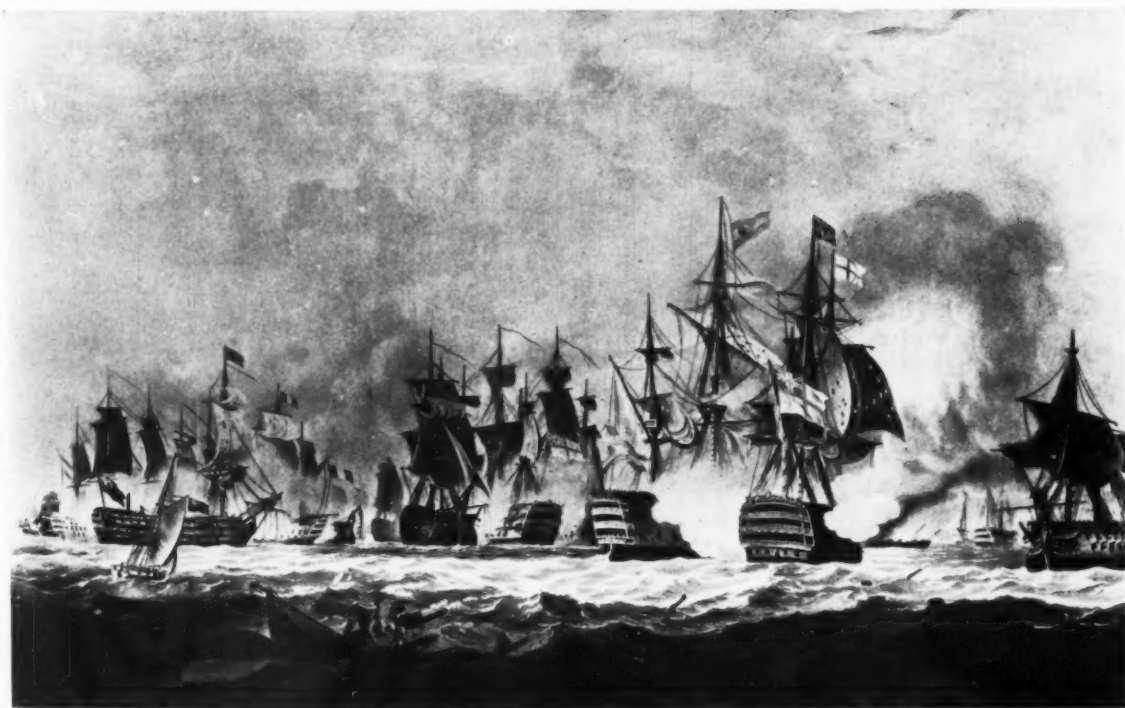
This challenge does not appear to have been received by Captain Lawrence, who nevertheless brought out his ship under full sail, and all brave with fresh paint, and accompanied

England's Glory at Sea in Old Prints



SIR JOHN JERVIS'S VICTORY OVER THE SPANISH
FLEET OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 15, 1797

*Painted and engraved
by Robert Dodd*



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805

Painted and engraved by Joseph Jeakes

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by many pleasure boats, as we see in the print, anxious to see him "whip a British frigate." The fight was furious; but it lasted only a quarter of an hour, though the casualties were heavy on both sides, before the *Chesapeake* struck her colours, the wounded including both the brave captains, the American mortally, so that he lived but two days, and Captain Broke badly, but surviving to be honoured with a baronetcy and a gold medal. To Sir John Theophilus Lee we also owe our view of the Battle of Navarino, but his drawings were made "under the immediate inspection of Captain Viscount Ingestrie," and engraved by R. Smart and H. Pyall. The print gives us less an artistic pictorial impression than an elaborately graphic idea of the action, showing as many of the opposing vessels as possible ranged round in a crescent, like a carefully-arranged model, the rigging of each ship precisely drawn, with sails neatly furled—just the kind of view one would expect to be pieced together from drawings made under the "immediate inspection" of an officer who commanded a brig in the battle. Yet how thankful one feels for such a graphic record of all those noble ships in action, to compare with any description one reads of the battle, and how glad one is to detect the mainsail of the *Hind* cutter, remembering the story of heroism that it enfolds!



BATTLE OF THE NILE, ON THE
ENSUING MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1798.

Painted and engraved
by Robert Dodd

Pictures of human incidents of the several battles were, as I have said, frequently done in mezzotint, and these engaged some of the most talented mezzotinters of the period. One of the most impressive is that of the stalwart Admiral Duncan, on board his flagship the *Venerable*, receiving the sword of the Dutch Admiral de Wynter after his own flagship had been so battered that she was totally dismasted, and had surrendered, at the Battle of Camperdown, which gained Duncan his peerage. This was painted by John Singleton Copley, R.A., and was engraved by James Ward, who was later a painter R.A., and is a very spirited performance, as they would say in those days, full of the actualities of battle. The English admiral, who, as a matter of fact, stood 6 ft. 4 in. high and was proportionately broad, looks a fine figure of a man ceremoniously dressed in full uniform with his star, and—surrounded by his officers, all vividly portrayed—he dominates the picture; but the Dutch admiral also presents a gallant figure in his temporary adversity. The sailors are working the guns, though the action is practically over, and the Dutch ship *Hercules*, an awful sight on fire, is passing near to the *Venerable*. Henry Singleton, who had a turn for pictorial sentimentalities, was another contemporary painter of naval personalities in action, and was faithfully engraved by James Daniell, who was not in the front rank of mezzotinters.



BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN. PASSAGE
OF THE SOUND, MARCH 30, 1801.

Painted and engraved
by Robert Dodd

England's Glory at Sea in Old Prints



THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN, OCTOBER 11, 1797
THE VICTORY OF LORD DUNCAN
Painted by John Singleton Copley, R.A., engraved by James Ward



THE DEATH OF NELSON, OCTOBER 21, 1805
Painted by Samuel Drummond, engraved by George Clint



CAPTAIN TROLLOPE AND CAPTAIN STRANGWAYS IN H.M.S.
GLATTON, FIGHTING A FRENCH SQUADRON, JULY 15, 1796
Painted by Henry Singleton, engraved by James Daniell



NELSON BOARDING THE SAN JOSEF, FEBRUARY 15, 1797
Painted by Henry Singleton, engraved by James Daniell

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For instance, there is a vigorous print of Nelson boarding the *San Josef* at the Battle of St. Vincent, with some desperate hand-to-hand fighting going on, while another records a gallant incident in the course of Captain Henry Trollope's heroic action, when his fifty-gun ship the *Glatton* engaged single-handed and beat a French squadron of four frigates and two corvettes. We see Captain Strangways, who commanded the marines, being gently, though forcibly, ordered by Captain Trollope to go below to the surgeon, for though mortally wounded he had bravely refused to leave the deck. Samuel Drummond's picture of "The Death of Nelson," mezzotinted by George Clint, vividly expresses with no little emphasis the concern of all those surrounding or supporting the fallen hero, and his own resignation, while the helter-skelter of battle goes on unceasingly around. The subject of naval prints is inexhaustible. Here

is haphazard a small batch to turn over: the engagement between the *Alexander* of 74 guns and a squadron of French ships, when, after heroically sustaining the fire of three enemy ships of the line simultaneously, she struck; and the spirited action of the *St. Fiorenzo* with the French frigate *La Psyché*, in the Indian seas; Lord Gambier's action of April 11, 1809; the bombardment of Algiers in 1816; the attack on Fort Oswego, Lake Ontario, on May 6, 1814; the destruction of Chinese war junks in Anson's Bay, January 1841—a capital print. Then there is the repairing and putting to sea of Admiral Sir James Saumarez's fleet at Gibraltar in July 1801, before his victorious action with the French and Spanish fleets; there is Sir Ralph Abercromby landing his troops in Holland in 1799; but the names of these prints is legion, and they may all be seen and pondered in the spacious rooms of the Parker Galleries.

THE LE NAIN BROTHERS

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER

THREE painters are comprised in the name Le Nain, but none has succeeded in distinguishing them completely. Their separate names are known, their birth years conjectured, and the dates of their deaths documented, with this result: Antoine, born 1588, died 1648, aged sixty; Louis, born 1593, died 1648, aged fifty-five; and Mathieu, born 1607, died 1677, aged seventy. All were born at Laon. Antoine was admitted as a master painter at S. Germain-des-Près in 1629; in 1630 all three were living together; in 1633 Mathieu was admitted as *peintre ordinaire* of the Ville de Paris and became a lieutenant in a civic company. In 1648, two months before Antoine and Louis died (very likely in some epidemic), the three brothers entered the Academy as foundation members. The survivor, Mathieu, who is reckoned to have been junior to Antoine by nineteen, and to Louis by fourteen years, lived on well over a quarter of a century. One of these brothers, presumably Louis, was called The Roman, perhaps because he went to Italy, perhaps because his style was Italianate,

and Mathieu was known as the Chevalier Le Nain.

The earliest printed reference to these brethren is, I fancy, in the Canon L'Eleu's "History of Laon," written in 1711. He distinguished them by stressing Antoine's speciality in miniatures and little portraits; Louis's excellence in half-lengths and head-and-shoulders portraits, and Mathieu's prowess in large pictures, such as represent *les mystères* and martyrdoms, battles and such-like. It must be admitted that as regards Louis and Mathieu recent research has come to conclusions off the lines indicated by L'Eleu. For only one or two portraits are attributed to Louis, whereas a growing group is attached to Mathieu and, so far as I know, no mysteries, martyrdoms, nor battles have been found to fit any Le Nain. On the other hand, a number of signed and dated pictures of peasant or soldier genre, apparently unknown to L'Eleu, now constitute the *œuvre* of the Le Nains. It might be inferred that while at Laon they produced the sort of pictures that a provincial clientèle would expect, but that

The Le Nain Brothers

in Paris they created a metropolitan taste for a new thing in French art—peasant genre. Greuze repeated their success, 120 years or so later, with his false peasant genre.

Nothing is known about their early training save a tradition that some foreign artist taught them. This cannot apply to the brother, presumably Antoine, who painted such works as the National Gallery "Portrait Group," the Louvre "Réunion de Famille" (dated 1642) and another "Group" (1647), and Mr. Burrell's "Group of Children." For when Antoine was learning his art, presumably early in the seventeenth century, the only foreign professional influences about were that of the late Breughel school, that of Elsheimer, and that of the new Caravaggio school, as exploited by Valentin, Jan Lys, Honthorst, and Terbruggen. There is no



RÉUNION DE FAMILLE
By Le Nain (? Louis)

The Louvre

sensible echo of these in what we may call the Antoine section of Le Nain art. And judging by the quality and style of the pieces that group round the Louvre pictures dated 1642 and 1647, done when Antoine was fifty-four and fifty-nine, we may conclude that his style and competence were never radically different.

Louis Le Nain also may have been learning his art before 1620, at the time when the current of the Caravaggescos was flowing through France to Holland. There is no doubt that he was touched by it. Assuming that "The Forge" in the Louvre and the "Peasant Family," there too, are typical of his most personal art, we may say that he adopted for his special genre the then modernist interest in accentuated light and shade. But it is more important to reflect that in its substance his art owed nothing to any known external influence. So far as we can see, Louis was one of those egregious painters who, like Chardin and Crome, saw Nature for themselves, unaware, one might almost say, of the "correct" axioms of the studios. The Louvre



GROUP OF CHILDREN
By Le Nain (? Antoine)

Sir William Burrell's collection



FLAGEOLET PLAYER
Le Nain (? Antoine)

The Victoria and Albert Museum

"La Charrette" (1641) and the Ionides collection "Resting Cavalier" represent this naïve aspect of Louis Le Nain as a painter of out-of-doors, and from his interiors one might pick out as similarly representative the National Gallery "Grace," the Hermitage "Visit to the Grandmother," and the Louvre "Peasant Family." It is worth note that Louis's Dutch contemporaries were Duyster, Palamedes, S. Kick, J. Duck, Quast, and Velsen. Neither in idea nor design does he approach them.

The problem of distinguishing the presumed early work of Mathieu, the youngest brother, has not been settled. In a sense the dice are loaded against us by the old, persistent tradition that the brothers collaborated so cunningly that no join in their

composite works could be detected. Their most experienced student, M. Paul Jamot, who wisely doubts this collaboration theory, probably has done all that is possible to analyse the fine shades that may mark Louis off from Mathieu. But he is so true a scholar that he will allow that some of his results may be questioned, where his distinctions are made more on impressions than on tangible evidence. In certain cases, M. Serge Ernst, whose study of the question has been intimate, differs from M. Jamot, and in certain other cases it is not impossible that other students will hesitate to accept the conclusions of either.

In all probability Mathieu was grounded in art by his brothers somewhere about 1625. It is arguable that borderland Antoinettes

The Le Nain Brothers

(for instance, Lord Aldenham's "Young Musicians" and Lord Bute's "An Artist's Studio," as M. Ernst suggests) may be Mathieu's 'prentice work. Possibly, too, the Ionides collection (Victoria and Albert Museum), "Flageolet Player," may lie between the aged Antoine and the juvenile Mathieu, though I should incline to Antoine. But when we come to pictures such as the Reims "Venus in Vulcan's Forge" (1641), the Berckheim "Corps de Garde" (1643), and the Bernheim "Wine Festival," which are assigned to Mathieu, we recognize immediately a quite different conception from that of Antoine and Louis, as we think we know them. In this kind of Mathieu there is none of the *naïveté*, the unique naturalness and even *gaucherie* of Louis, let alone Antoine. Instead, we see a facility and conventional attitude reminiscent

of foreign models. The resemblance of the "Venus" in the Reims picture to Simon Vouet's "Diana" at Hampton Court, dated 1637, is not accidental, nor is the general affinity with Valentin fortuitous. In his work of the next decade or so he tended toward Dutch motifs and design. The question, then, of distinguishing this kind of Mathieu from Louis presents little difficulty; but when we are called on to perceive that the Petworth "Family of Peasants" and the different versions of the Buckingham Palace "Young Card Players" are not by Louis but by Mathieu, our perplexity begins. For we are considering pictures all of much the same period. The pictures which M. Jamot regards as Louis's key works are "La Charrette" (1641); close to it the Ionides "Resting Cavalier"; "The Forge," probably of 1641; the "Peasant



THE RESTING CAVALIER
Le Nain (? Louis)

The Victoria and Albert Museum

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Family," probably 1642; and the National Gallery "Grace." His key works of Mathieu at this period are "Venus in the Forge" (1641); "Le Corps de Garde" (1643); the "Réunion d'Amateurs," presumably 1643; and the "Wine Festival," which is later. Accepting M. Jamot's conclusions as regards the distinct authorship of these two groups, we surely have firm ground for recognizing the crucial factor in this problem—the distinct

to me more than doubtful whether he can be credited with these particular pictures. For I cannot recognize in them his extra facility and his cosmopolitanism; while, on the other hand, I am conscious in them of a closer contact with life than our knowledge can credit to Mathieu. Comparing the Petworth "Family of Peasants" with the Ionides "Resting Cavalier," one finds in all respects an identity of feeling and technique. The same technique



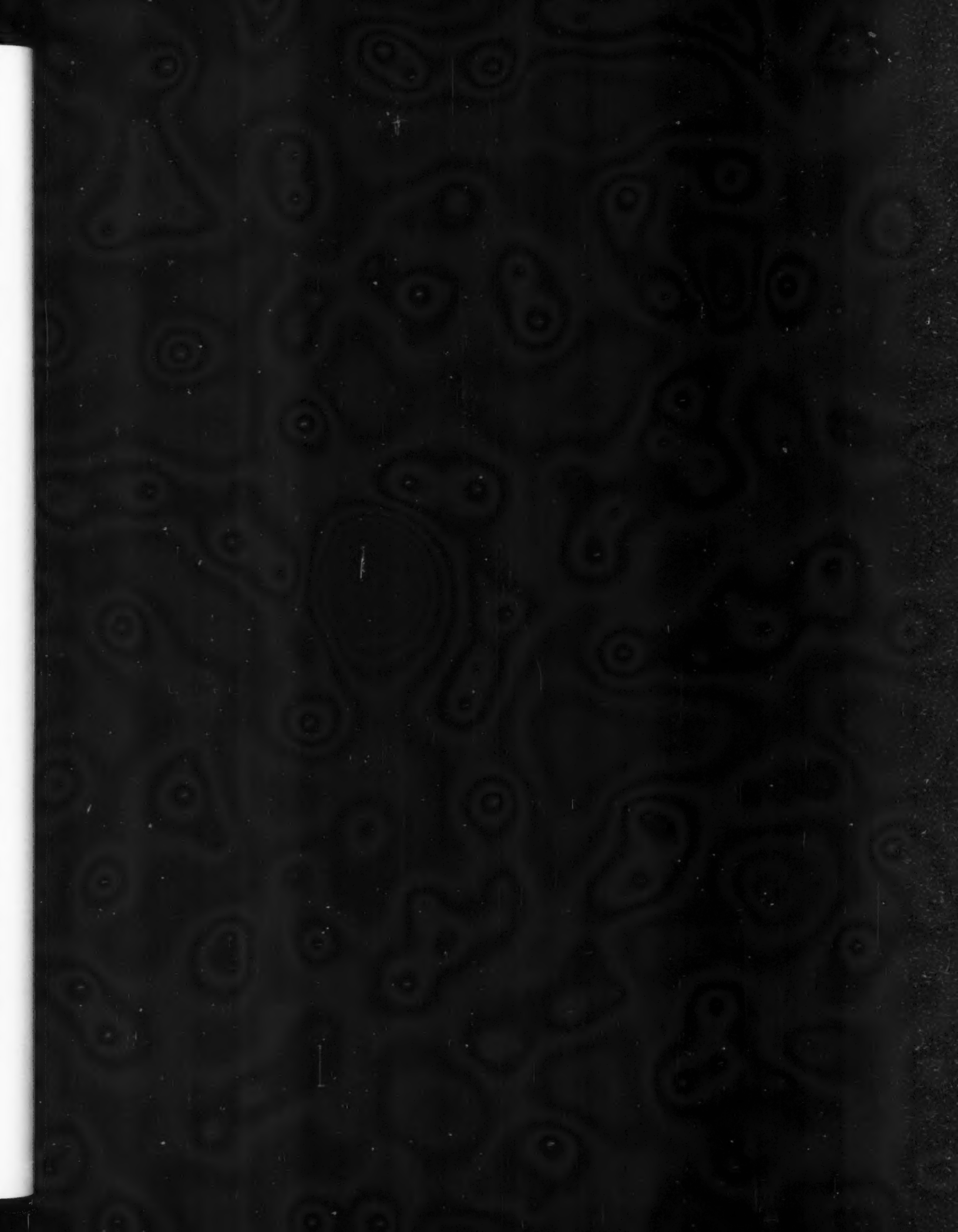
THE YOUNG CARD PLAYERS
Le Nain (? Louis)

By gracious permission of H.M. The King

conception and inspiration of the two brothers: Louis's, native, naïve and provincial; Mathieu's, cosmopolitan and relatively conventional.

Now, M. Jamot gives to Mathieu the Petworth "Family of Peasants" and the versions of "The Young Card Players" in the Louvre, Buckingham Palace, and the Worcester Museum in America. One questions his conclusions, which were reached after prolonged analysis of these artists, with the utmost diffidence. But in view of what we know of Mathieu's conception and approach it seems

and feeling, it seems to me, are evident in the Buckingham Palace "Young Card Players." True, that if we compare the technique and even the drawing of the National Gallery "Grace" (generally accepted as Louis's work) with those of "The Young Card Players," we notice in the latter a sweeter touch, more varied quality, subtler modelling and tone. The paint in the shadows is more lightly handled, the contours of the heads are more crisply drawn; "Grace" is certainly more coarsely painted. But we cannot accept the quality of this picture as





The Le Nain Brothers

conclusive evidence of Louis's competence. For the Louvre "Peasant Family" and the Ionides "Resting Cavalier," both key pictures of Louis, show precisely the same qualities of finesse in pigment, tone, and drawing that we see in "The Young Card Players." Technique and manual skill

are probably decisive evidence as between the untrained (or self-taught) Antoine and the others; but as between Louis and Mathieu we cannot take them as significant evidence. For most artists will agree that Louis is a better, because a more genuine, painter and draughtsman than the more "accomplished" Mathieu. More conclusive, I submit, is the evidence of conception and contact with life; and on this score the Petworth picture and "The Young Card Players" seem part of Louis's thought rather than Mathieu's.



THE WINE FESTIVAL
Le Nain (? Mathieu)

The Bernheim Collection

1644, "Une Religieuse," Avignon, attributed to Louis; 1645, "Déjeuner de la Grand'mère," P. Jamot collection, attributed to Louis; 1646, "Portrait of a Youth," Laon, attributed to Mathieu; 1647, "Portraits dans un Intérieur," Louvre, attributed to Antoine; 1674, "Nativity," Dr. Mary's collection, by Mathieu.

Recent publications dealing with these artists are: 1911, Catalogue of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, Le Nain Exhibition; 1922, Paul Jamot, "Gazette des Beaux-Arts" (three articles); 1921-23, Jens Thüß, "Kunstmuseets Aarskrift"; 1923, Paul Jamot, "Gazette des Beaux-Arts" (two articles); 1923, Catalogue, "Exposition Le Nain," Galerie Louis Sambon, Paris; 1926, Serge Ernst, "Gazette des Beaux-Arts."

* The last figure is conjectured: it is doubtfully an "o."

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

Born 1727 ; Died 1788

By WILLIAM GIBSON

IN their exhibition of Gainsborough's pictures last month Messrs. Agnew limited themselves to his London period, so that all the works which they showed represented his mature style. The transition from immaturity to maturity is more violent in Gainsborough than is generally the case; on the one hand there is the stiffness and tightness of the early portraits, on the other the flowing grace of the later work.

It was at Bath that Gainsborough found himself in finding Van Dyck. He was introduced to Van Dyck's work in the large portrait at Wilton, and Van Dyck taught him, not only

how to pose a figure gracefully, but also something even more important—the free handling of the paint which was to play so important a part in Gainsborough's means of expression. In this exhibition the connection is seen most clearly in the full-length portrait of his daughters, Margaret and Mary. When looked at from a little distance the texture of the dresses appears very close to Van Dyck, particularly, perhaps, to some of his later Genoese portraits; Lady Cowper's portrait of the Balbi children may be taken as an example. In looking at the dresses more closely one sees that the paint is a little more fluid than



DIANA AND ACTÆON
By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

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it is in Van Dyck's manner, a change from Van Dyck towards the more flowing, less broken style usual in Gainsborough's later pictures. As Gainsborough was an extremely subjective artist Van Dyck's method became violently modified in his hands, but the delicate sweep of Gainsborough's brush in a late portrait is his personal adaptation of Van Dyck.

Gainsborough made so much use of the brushwork to express his meaning that the facts had to be more completely translated into terms of paint than in the case of a more objective artist. This at times led to defects in his work. When he could not find a suitable convention by which to express the texture and the form of the dog in his daughters' portrait he could not fall back on a literal statement of

the facts as another painter might have done, and we have, in consequence, a manner of painting which does not satisfactorily express the texture of the fur, while at the same time it renders any statement of form impossible. This tendency to make the brushwork bear the chief burden of expression often led Gainsborough to pure calligraphy, as frequently in his treatment of boles and knots in the trunks of trees, or as in his treatment of the thistle in the portrait of Lord Vernon in this exhibition.

By the time Gainsborough came to London in 1774 he had made all he had learnt a part of himself, and his art was perfectly moulded to express his personality. The fact that his personality was so vivid, so individual, and that it played so great a part in his pictures as

Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

compared with the personality of the subject, tends a little towards monotony in his mature work. Messrs. Agnew are to be congratulated on avoiding this in their selection.

Although the earlier, less accomplished work has been eliminated, yet Gainsborough has been shown at his most varied at the height of his powers. There is the portrait of his daughters, already referred to, with its broken touch giving a suggestion of crumbled paint which distinguishes it from any other painting in the exhibition. There is the portrait of Samuel Whitbread, with its unusual sense of structure, painted in a mood approaching that in which the portrait of Mrs. Gainsborough, belonging to Mr. Courtauld, was painted. The latter stood out at the Ipswich Exhibition in its relationship to Rubens. The "Samuel Whitbread" lacks the warmth of tone in the flesh passages and the solid paint which were links between Mr. Courtauld's picture and the work of the Flemish painter, but it shares with it a surer statement of form than is usual to Gainsborough.

Then there is the portrait of the Duke and



MRS. RUSSELL

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.



THE COUNTESS
OF KINNOULL

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

Duchess of Cumberland with Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, a group of little figures under trees—one of those pictures in which Gainsborough so curiously reminds one of eighteenth-century France while yet remaining so typically himself. There is little in them to which one can point as evidence for those who see fit to disagree, and yet the resemblance to the French is so unmistakably there.

As a last example of the variety one may mention the "Mrs. Villebois," with its brilliant contrast of pink and blue, brought out by rather thicker, closer paint than one expects in a late Gainsborough, and the "Countess of Sefton" thinly painted over a brick-red ground which corrects the coldness of the blue and white satin dress and black shawl. The latter picture shows Gainsborough in his grandest mood; one notices how he has emphasized the haughtiness of the figure by the low view-point which throws it against a background of sky. It is the finest portrait in the exhibition. The beauty of the painting of the right hand, and the recessions of the shawl as it passes round the figure, and the delicate tone notation in the shadows under the chin and over the neck

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and shoulders make the "Mrs. Villebois," excellent as it is, appear rather obvious. It is this subtlety which gives such effectiveness to the grandeur of the pose.

An interesting portrait is that of the Duchess of Cumberland from the Royal collection. There is a similar portrait at Buckingham

deficiency which is concealed by the lack of completeness in their presentment. As an instance, the waterfall, vaguely indicated by a few strokes of white as a vertical plane close behind the figures, could not be so related to them if it were realized as falling water. On the other hand, the sketch for the "Perdita"



THE EARL OF BELFAST

By Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.

Palace, but full length and finished, while this is unfinished. On examining it one finds that, instead of Gainsborough's usual thin building up of the head in clean, semi-transparent strokes, the whites have been worked up and cloyed. This suggests that Gainsborough found this attempt a failure and left it for the full length.

The sketch of "Diana and Actæon" is a little disappointing. One feels that it would break down if put to the final test of being more fully realized. The artist himself has not been clear as to the relationship of his forms, a

portrait only reaches its full effectiveness when transformed to the finished picture at Hertford House, because the sketch contains suggested beauties which may be completely realized, and which are fully realized only in the finished picture. It is only in the picture at Hertford House, for example, that one fully experiences the exquisite grace of the two arms, wrists, and hands. At the same time it is true, as it always must be when a sketch is compared with the picture which arose from it, that in exchange for a full realization of the idea a certain spontaneity and freshness have been lost.

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JAN ŠTURSA: CZECHOSLOVAK SCULPTOR

By KINETON PARKES

PRAGUE is rich in fine sculpture and is likely to add to it. The Czechoslovakian sculptors as a school are, relatively, inferior to none. Bohemia has always loved sculpture; and now, within the borders which have widened around this old inland kingdom, prophetically provided by Shakespeare with a seaboard, a great school of plastic art is evolving.

The classicism of Bohemian plastic art was broken during last century by Joseph Wenceslas Myslbek, who, although educated in the Renaissance tradition, felt the stirrings of a newer life within him. The National Theatre and the Palacký Bridge and the King Wenceslas Monument in the Bohemian capital show the transition. Myslbek was not only a great artist; he was also a fine teacher, and to his guidance is due the development of the new spirit. There are at least

four of the younger sculptors of Czechoslovakia who benefited by his liberalism, and they were encouraged by the master to break away and go to Paris. There they found a greater master in Rodin.

One of the four was Jan Štursa, a Moravian, born at Nové Město in 1880. After his course at the Academy of Fine Arts at Prague from 1899 to 1903, he travelled in Italy, Germany, and England, and set to work again in Paris. He was the youngest of the group of *les jeunes* from Czechoslovakia, but with the others he plunged into the intricacies and problems which have always agitated the minds of those who set out to do and to conquer. It was long past the day when Medardo Rosso the Italian had disturbed Rodin with his ideas of sculptured impressionism; and Rodin had by this time become involved with the greater



MÉLANCOLIE—
STONE, LIFE-SIZE

Jan Štursa
Galerie Moderne, Prague

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problem of realism—the problem that above all others is calculated to upset the practice and theory of the individualistic artist and modify his conceptions. With Rodin's example before them the problem was the more easily realized, and the young men speedily discarded impressionism in their impatience, rejecting its theory of the impact of light and formation of theoretical contours, falling back on the true function of plastic.

Jan Štursa's first step in this prison-breaking was his half-seated, half-kneeling figure, "The Melancholy Girl." It was modelled freely, with an absence of detail in common with impressionism, but without the detail common in classical work. It, however, can hardly be said to foreshadow the simplification which was to follow, and it is clearly a tentative effort, possessing, however, a distinct promise of the lyric spirit of the artist which was so strongly to manifest itself at a later stage. The statue is life-size and has since been reproduced in limestone, and is in the Collection of Modern Art at Prague. It has lost some of the tender touch of the original modelling and some of its character. This early tenderness of treatment, with more realistic detail in the modelling, may also be observed in the statue "La Puberté," in bronze, in the State Gallery at Vienna, where is also the heavy "Toilette," a work in which the essential plastic predisposition of Štursa's art is seen coming to a high state of perfection. It is a figure of a woman over life-size, engaged with her hair, compactly designed with fine moulded contours and a general wavy containing line of repeating and not excessive curves. It also has quite unnecessarily been carved in stone. At Vienna, too, is "La Vie s'enfuit," in alabaster, and again the artist's true plastic quality asserts itself, while in "Le Blessé," over life-size, it is predominant. This bronze is the extended figure of a spare man with arms thrown up above his head which is bent downwards. The whole figure is seen falling forward, its poise providing a telling example of kinetic energy in sculpture, while at the same time illustrating the momentary physiological reaction of its subject. In the bronze "Icarus" of the Olympic Museum at Lausanne potential energy has become changed, and by an ingenious arrangement of foliage-like masses the act of actual falling, contrary to all the precepts of classical purity,



SPRING—MARBLE

By Jan Štursa

Jan Štursa: Czechoslovak Sculptor



By Jan Štursa

UKRAINIAN FIDDLER



By Jan Štursa
Hlávka Bridge, Prague

WORK—
HARD-STONE GROUP

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BRONZE BUST OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK ACTOR, EDUARD VOJAN

By Jan Stursa

is in process of accomplishment. These two works are modelled with considerable realistic exactitude.

This is eminently the case with two feminine figures, the opulence of which afforded the artist the opportunity for some bold as well as subtle modelling. One is "Morning," a seated nude, her right arm raised forming a fine sweeping line to the hip. The other is a more startling production: again a heavy figure, dancing with upraised arms. It is over life-size and nude, and is a portrait of the Eastern dancer, Sulamit Rahu, and is called "La Danse du Ventre." It is in the Gallery of Modern Art at Venice. Both are in bronze, and in

them are the beginnings of Stursa's later and more simplified style.

An altogether different kind of dancer is the "Danseuse au Repos," a very charming bronze seated astride and holding a fan to her face. The pose is insouciant and the modelling delightful, resembling the method which becomes more simplified in the bronze "Eve," nearly two metres high, acquired by the Munich New State Gallery in 1913, and in the very tenderly treated "Gifts of Heaven and Earth," a very lovely bronze. There are two other female nudes, life-size, "Messalina" and "Spring," quite simply treated in marble; but in their transference from the plastic medium to the glyptic they have lost some of their moulded spirit and some of the insouciance of their simplification, acquiring in their place a touch of almost classic spirit, so much as is possible in anything by Stursa: not even the carver in stone or marble can entirely take away from any work of his its essential plastic, and no technique alter the beautiful, calm spirit, inherent in his conceptions, emphasized in the simple figure composition of which he was a master.

This quality is admirably seen in the squatting figure of a very handsome "Ukrainian Fiddler," with his large musical instrument across his knees. This has an architectural character, better exemplified, however, in the striking and admirably composed groups on the Hlávka Bridge at Prague, one of them being indeed a symbolical representation of Architecture. Further architectural reliefs (in granite) are on the renamed Manes Bridge. This characteristic is not seen to advantage in the seated marble statue of the actress, Hanna Kvapilová, or in that of President Masaryk in the Chamber of Deputies, but is present in the Monument to the Revolving Peasants of Litomyšl. Statues are on the façades of the Château Radboř, and symbolical statues of "Morning" and "Night" on the Villa Buheneč near Prague.

It would seem that the war helped to strengthen Stursa's work and to increase its dramatic and humanistic qualities; but whatever the cause, the result is an ever-increasing impetuosity of intuition and a developing facility of sculptural expression. It is very unfortunate for the art of sculpture in Czechoslovakia that Jan Stursa died at so early an age, in 1923.





CARLO CRIVELLI AND "P. PETRI"

By VISCOUNT LEE OF FAREHAM

IN the May issue of *APOLLO* (pp. 212-215) there is an interesting account by Dr. Tancred Borenius of "A Loan Exhibition in New York," at Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries, in the course of which he gives special prominence to an early "Madonna and Child," by Carlo Crivelli, which was originally in the Huldshinsky collection in Berlin. The reproduction which accompanies Dr. Borenius's description of the picture reveals such a striking parallelism, both in sentiment and style, with another and lesser-known panel painting in my own collection, by an unknown master, "P. Petri," that I venture to call the attention of your readers to the points of resemblance, which open up an interesting field of conjecture.

A comparison of the accompanying photographs will make this abundantly clear. Apart from the similarity in the general design and composition of the two pictures, I would call special attention to the treatment of the draperies—particularly of the sleeves and under-tunics of the two Madonnas—and to what Dr. Borenius calls the "crinkly and metallic quality" of the folds of the linen. There is also in the picture by "P. Petri" the same "curious, semi-Oriental cut of face," and the same "blending of intense tenderness and solemn hieratic sentiment" which are so marked in the Crivelli panel. These points (and others), which speak for themselves, suggest something more than a mere coincidence, and the conclusion is not unreasonable that there must have been some common influence directing the hands of the two painters. This supposition is the more plausible when we consider the signs of immaturity in the technique of both pictures; probably both are the work of quite young men. That these latter are separate and distinct personalities is sufficiently established by their respective signatures—of which they were, apparently, very proud—but unfortunately we know nothing further of Master "P. Petri," nor have any other of his works, so far, come to light. He was obviously trained in the Paduan school, and his style is so reminiscent of Schiavone that there must have been some contact, spiritual or actual, between the two

men. If this be so, it seems reasonable to suppose that the young Crivelli and the young Pietro may have been working simultaneously under the same influences, be it that of Schiavone, Squarcione, or another.

A diligent search amongst the early records of the Paduan painters reveals several "Pietros," but none who, in point of style or date, can be identified with the author of my panel.

On the other hand, the suggestion has been made in some quarters that the picture is a work of "Pietro Alamanno," who was a known pupil of Carlo Crivelli. It is, however, difficult to reconcile this theory with the signature "Opus P. Petri," even if we assume that "P" stands for "Pictoris," and not for "Pauli" or some other Christian name. It was apparently the habit of Alamanno to sign his pictures, and the best-known bear the varying signatures, "Petrus Alam" de Choetbei. P." (1472), "Petrus Alamanus civis Assulanus pinxit," "Opus Petri Alamani discipulus Maestri Karoli Crivelli Veneti" (1488), "Opus Petri Alamani," and "Petri Alamani opus" (1484). In every case he is as careful to proclaim his German origin as is his master, Crivelli, to remind us that he is a native of Venice, and, apart again from the divergence of style between his known works and the panel under discussion, I find it difficult to believe that he and "P. Petri" can be one and the same person.

On this point I may be permitted to quote the following passage from a letter which I received a few years ago from Mr. F. Mason Perkins:

The picture signed "Opus P. Petri" is very interesting, and also very pleasing, both in feeling and decorative quality. It is certainly "Squarcionesque" in character, and it could hardly have come from any other centre than Padua. It seems to be by a contemporary of the youthful Crivelli—by a painter brought up under similar influences and possibly not unaffected by Crivelli himself. There is a passage in the draperies of the Madonna (immediately above the apple) which, if cut out of the photograph, would doubtless pass as the work of Crivelli's own brush. Nevertheless, the picture is comparatively early in its probable date—too much so to have been painted in the Marches, where are found little or no Squarcionesque works prior to the arrival of Crivelli in those parts. Despite its Crivellesque reminiscences, it is not by a follower, but by a contemporary of Crivelli. Of the author's identity I am

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By Carlo Crivelli

MADONNA AND CHILD



By P. Petri

MADONNA AND CHILD

Carlo Crivelli and "P. Petri"

sorry to say that I can tell you nothing. I think I have seen one or two paintings in years gone by which were probably painted by the same hand; but of this I cannot be sure, as I have no reproductions of them, nor can I for the moment even remember where I saw them. In any case, they bore no signature, and this is, unless my memory has failed me, the first time that I have come across the name "P. Petri." The "P." may, of course, stand for "Pictoris" or for "Pauli." In the latter case, however, it is rather unusual that the painter should have given only the initial letter of his own name whilst printing that of his father "Petrus" in full. In any case, the picture is valuable as giving the

clue to a probable identification of a hitherto unknown but very pleasing minor master."

Here I leave the matter, being content to abandon the field of speculation to others with more knowledge than myself. Meanwhile, I remain happy in the possession of a picture which Dr. Borenius has, in another place, described as "so attractive in its pale, frosty colouring" and as "standing on a much higher plane artistically than Pietro Alamanno's productions."

RACHMANINOFF, AND MUSIC TODAY

By WATSON LYLE

EACH art has its central figures, prominent as beacons, at various well-marked stages in its history, firmly planted upon the solid foundations of the past, yet sending forth into the unexplored future searchlights of progress by whose illumination its rank and file may continue the eternal quest of all Art for Truth and Beauty. I have little doubt, therefore, that the view of one of the most important creative musicians of today, Rachmaninoff, upon certain aspects of the art will be of interest to readers of the *APOLLO* magazine.

When I had a talk with him in his hotel during his recent hurried visit to London, he both looked, and said, he felt in much better health than at our last meeting, when he gave his previous recitals here in October 1924. He was in excellent spirits, and carried his tall figure more erectly than formerly. Indeed, comparing his appearance at this time with my impressions of him when I met him first of all in 1922, it is pleasant to discover that the intervening six years have left him younger, instead of older, in temperament and physique. Of course, as years go he is still only in middle life, so that those interested in the growth of music along the classical tradition may anticipate new evidence of his creative powers. There seemed to be so many things to speak about, not all matters of public interest, that after leaving him I found, to my chagrin, that I had not asked him about any new works he might have in preparation; and as I have never known him to speak about his art, either as pianist or composer, unless directly questioned

—when his replies are always modestly brief—it is not to be wondered at that the subject did not crop up in conversation.

Our national skeleton in the cupboard, the weather, was behaving in the most fearsome fashion at the time of my call. London, in mid-May, was the battleground of fogs, east winds, and torrential rains; but, whilst Rachmaninoff did not attempt to ignore these atmospheric afflictions, a tender longing expressed itself in his blue eyes as he dwelt upon the incomparable beauty, the fresh greenness, of the English countryside as he knew it could look in normal weather and as he recollected having seen it during one motor drive in particular, from the south coast to town, on a perfect morning early in summer, when delight succeeded delight in the roadside beauties spread out by Nature for so ardent a lover of her as himself.

One hears so much, privately and publicly, about the conditions of music and musical life in America as compared with Europe and especially with England, that I was anxious to hear what his impressions were of the situation after over six years' residence in the States. In America the standard of taste has reached a high level; and when I asked him if this was the case among the wealthier classes only, he gave me, with characteristic thoroughness, in data affecting an expression of opinion, some suggestive facts within his own experience. These tend to prove that the love of music of the best type—the "classic"—is pretty universal, and is on the increase in the States as well as to the north and south. He related

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with pleasure how, in the bookings for his own recitals, the cheaper seats are the first to be sold out, those next higher in price being then taken, and so on, until the most expensive seats are sold. At the recitals given by another great artist, a friend of his, the bookings go just the reverse way, although in the final issue the result is the same—the hall is sold out. One cannot, therefore, say that music lacks support from any one class in America, whether the enthusiasm starts from the bottom, or the top, of the social ladder. Rachmaninoff is always so sincerely the artist first, and the virtuoso second, I was not surprised to find him thus unaffectedly happy in the knowledge that people with probably little cash to spare should think it worth while to book in advance to listen to his programmes. The fact that in his choice of compositions, as well as in his interpretations, he is both individual and interesting no doubt partially explains the warm place he holds in the affections of the public here too, as was again shown by the crowded and enthusiastic audience in Queen's Hall on May 19.

For some years we have known to our cost that America attracts, and retains, the best talent because of her financial backing. According to my conversation with Rachmaninoff on this aspect of the musical-economic situation, the effect of this seems to be towards an increasing fastidiousness on the part of the public, making it more and more difficult for all but artists of the highest level to obtain adequate support. Enterprise must be on a big scale. Perhaps the national tendency towards bigness in everything connected with financial undertakings may influence the concert world of America, although the composer did not say so. But it is to this financial security that the best orchestras over there owe their existence. Not only does it enable their *personnel* to be of picked players, but it admits of the necessary expenditure of time and, therefore, money for the number of rehearsals needed to obtain performances of the first rank. He expressed the warmest admiration for the perfection of ensemble, and the responsiveness of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Stowkowski, as an instance of what can be achieved in welding an orchestra into a composite whole when ways and means are not an ever-present, carking care. That, alas! I simply had no choice but to admit is still the

case here. We have many splendid players, but the canker of insufficient rehearsal grows worse, instead of better, in the metropolis at any rate. Feeling that the reputation of my country in the matter of orchestras was at stake, I ventured to ask our visitor if he had lately heard the Hallé, under Sir Hamilton Harty; but he had not, unfortunately, and there for the present the matter must rest. This opinion on the rehearsal question, coming from such an authoritative and independent source, and supporting as it does the views expressed by thinking musicians at home, surely merits the attention of our orchestral organizations before the advent of another concert season.

I have other remembrances of this conversation, however, that have a more definite æsthetic interest, such as the moment when, reminding me that Chopin's music is still in the van of the "moderns" in thought and construction, his fine face glowed with his intense admiration for the greatest poet who has yet employed the pianoforte as his means of expression. Towards the ultra-modern freak music of a few years ago Rachmaninoff preserved an open mind, although at the time he said to me he regarded it as a phase of the art which would be without permanent value. But it was I who remarked upon the fulfilment of his prophecy or, rather, the correctness of his judgment, as exemplified by the present reaction to a more rational outlook, for he is not at all the kind of man to exclaim "I told you so!" or to regard his opinions as being omniscient.

New problems or new phases, connected outwardly or inwardly with music, are accepted or, so to say, placed on probation by him in accordance with the value, or failure, of their results as sincere art. This is why wireless, at its present stage of development, does not attract him as a musician. The sounds generated are not reproduced with fidelity, there being too many variable factors, of nature and mechanism, to contend with for the invention, as yet, to be considered as another way to the expression of music, pure and unfettered. He was interested when I told him that audiences here, especially at orchestral concerts, had greatly improved in bulk, and were more attentive, since the introduction of wireless, probably because of its value as a disseminator of what one might call the dry bones of good music, bringing home to the

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uneducated music lover the truth that absence of ability to listen, as a musician, does not debar him from obtaining enjoyment from much of the best music; but his interest in my plea for the "missionary" value of wireless did not, naturally, affect his view, which is simply that of an artist who has examined, and rejected as unsatisfactory, on æsthetic grounds, a new media tendered to him for the expression

of his art. To the gramophone he can find no such objection. The new system of recording, and the new plan now widely followed of recording music—especially when played by an orchestra—in a hall, in preference to a studio (with the large receiving horns, and so forth, currently used until three or four years ago), he finds to be marvellous in fidelity of tone reproduction. The most up-to-date patterns of the gramophone itself naturally play an important part in securing the fullest satisfaction in this way, so that the instrument (plus good records) has now arrived at a

position where it demands the serious consideration of the artist. To be quite fair one must, I think, admit that the gramophone undoubtedly has done its "bit" also in a missionary way—as well as others—for music, and that when wireless has grown up somewhat it, too, may justify the faith of many whose ears, so far, compel them to own up to its imperfections, even while they may, like myself, have sincere hopes for its

ultimate triumph in the realms of tonal truth. Rachmaninoff's attitude is, therefore, just that of an artist against whatever may blur the truthful expression of the art he serves.

As I ponder now upon the clear thinking—the quiet strength of his remarks, his often warm admirations for others, past and present (in inverse ratio to his reticence about

his own art), and his conversation, irradiated by a delicate wit and charm of personality that made me forget all about the lack of sunshine outdoors—I could wish there had been with me certain hot-headed young composers I know and certain very superior people who talk only of the sugary-sentimentality of Chopin, assure one that Beethoven did very little, really, or blandly affirm that all music back to Bach, or Monteverde, might be scrapped without loss. And yet it is better that they were not there; for the personality of this artist,



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*A new photograph by the
Kreby-Reinhardt Studios*

much of whose music by common consent already takes place with that of the immortals, remains closed in the uncongenial atmosphere created by a babel of smart, heedless talk, just as the marigolds I found a hopeful flower-seller offering in the fog-laden atmosphere of that un-Maylike day when I got into the street remain closed in darkness, as Shakespeare assures us they do in "The Winter's Tale."

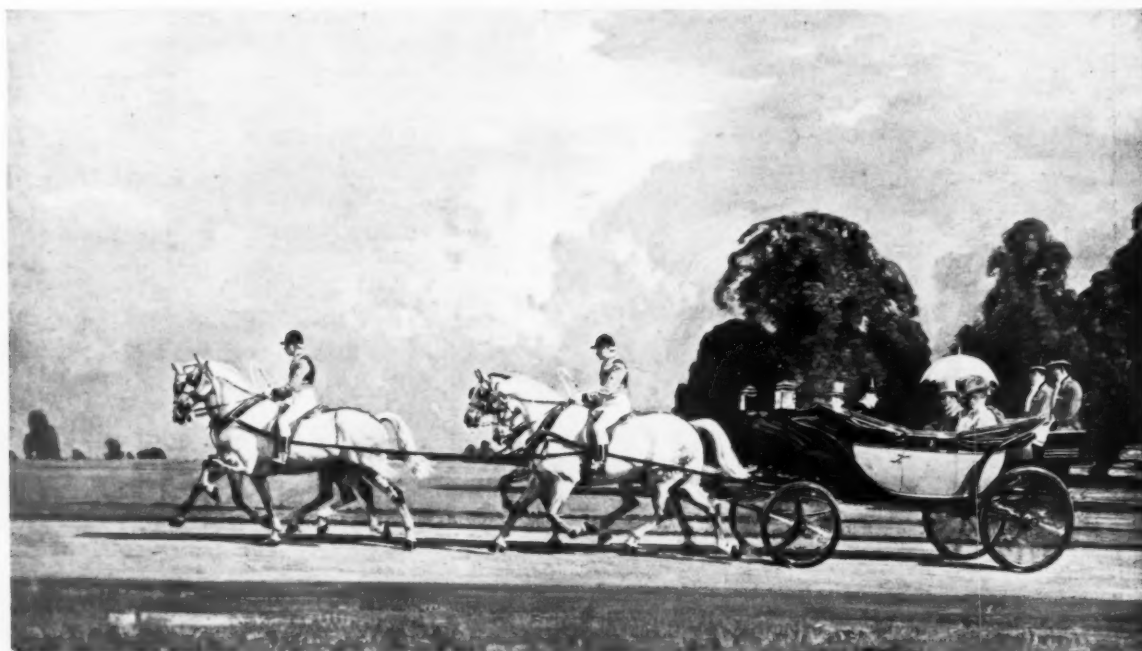
BRITISH ART IN VENICE

By P. G. KONODY

IT is not a little humiliating that a note of apology must inevitably be struck whenever British art, as it appears at the Venice International Exhibition, is compared with the efforts made by other nations at these bi-annual art congresses. Whereas every other nation is at pains to demonstrate the importance of its contribution to the modern movement and to artistic progress, the British seem over-anxious to illustrate the whole range of their present-day artistic activity rather than concentrate on a few significant phases. In the French, the German, the Spanish, the Belgian and other pavilions, a few men of genius, or at least of startling personality, are given whole rooms to themselves, and there is no doubt that these chains of *mostre individuali* (one-man shows)—Matisse, Gauguin, and Bourdelle in the French section; Ortiz Echegüe in the Spanish; Evenepoel, Jefferys, Wagemans and others in the Belgian; Corinth, Marc, and Nolde in the German

pavilion, and so forth—give a better idea of each nation's achievement in art, and produce a more lasting impression on the visitor's memory, than the heterogeneous gleaning of meritorious pictures, drawings, and sculpture to be found, as a rule, in the British pavilion.

Lack of Government support is, of course, the reason for the timidity shown by the British organizers. The other foreign pavilions are under Government control, and the officials charged with the selection of the works enjoy untrammelled liberty of action. The upkeep of the British pavilion, on the other hand, is left to private charity, and the organizers of this section have to prove their impartiality and to extend their invitations to artists of the most varied and contradictory tendencies, with a preponderance of the more conventional and academic performances. Careful selection certainly gives to the British pavilion an air of distinction and high technical



THEIR MAJESTIES' RETURN FROM ASCOT

By A. J. Munnings, R.A.



British Art in Venice

competence that is lacking in most of the other sections ; but it also excludes the element of excitement and novelty and the sledge-hammer blows of concentrated group-attack.

On the present occasion it is due to Sir Joseph Duveen's generous support that the Union Jack is kept flying over the British

space in the Black-and-White Room. This compromise, like all compromises, is not altogether satisfactory. It has taken much wall space from the general exhibit, and at the same time not provided sufficient space for a really adequate representation of the favoured few.

Yet the *salon d'honneur* has an imposing



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

By Sir John Lavery, R.A.

pavilion in the Venice Exhibition grounds. His British Artists' Exhibition Committee, who were in charge of the selection, have to a certain extent fallen into line with the other foreign sections by supplementing the general exhibit with five one-man shows. The large gallery is reserved for groups of works by Sir William Orpen, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. A. K. Lawrence, and Mr. Reid Dick, whilst Mr. Frank Dobson's sculpture occupies the floor

and distinguished appearance. Facing the entrance door, Mr. Lawrence's mural painting of "The Building of Pons Aelii," lent by the Newcastle-on-Tyne municipality, extends across the whole width of the room—a scholarly design, sober in colour and based on the intelligent study of Pier dei Franceschi and other Italian *Quattrocentist* fresco painters. Sir William Orpen's selection of nine paintings is largely retrospective, his position as our

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premier portrait painter being explained by but a single, though an exceptionally brilliant, example—the fascinating full-length of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley. The “Nell Gwynne” must date back to his Slade School days, of which it is an interesting document in so far as it introduces portraits of the artist

neither in Boucher nor in Fragonard. Mr. Augustus John makes a brave show with a group of ten paintings—eight portraits, a Provençal landscape, and a study of a “Magnolia.” Among the portraits are the memorable and gloriously beautiful “Lady with the Violin,” the “Princess Bibescu,” the



THE GREEK CAPTIVE, OR
THE REVENGE OF SEMIRAMIS

By F. M. Taubman
Bronze and black marble (base)

himself, of Mr. Augustus John, and of Mr. A. Rutherston. But nowhere are Sir William's painter-like qualities and personal style more in evidence than in his two dazzling and daring paintings of the nude which have all the alluring beauty of the eighteenth-century French painters of the *vie galante*, combined with a solidity to be found

"Duchess of Gramont," the "Marchesa Casati" and the masterly little portrait of the artist's son, David, leaning with his arms on a table. These, as indeed most of the exhibits, are so well known to English art lovers that detailed comment is unnecessary.

The pictures that are most likely to engage the interest of the cosmopolitan visitors to





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Venice during the Lido season are Mr. A. J. Munnings's "Return of the Royal Procession from Ascot" and Sir John Lavery's "House of Commons, 1923." Representational pictures of historic interest have become so rare at the Venice "Biennale," which is given up entirely to extreme modernism, that these pictures form a class by themselves. The modern movement in England is adequately represented by Mr. John Armstrong, whose "Rape of Persephone" is remarkable for its abstract rhythmic qualities, Messrs. Bomberg, Fergusson, John and



EMBRIDGE, DEVON

By Lucien Pissarro

Paul Nash, M. Smith and W. Roberts—a sufficiently restricted selection in view of the twenty-six Academicians who figure among the exhibitors, though still excessive in the eyes of Mr. Frank Emanuel, who allowed himself, in a somewhat violent letter to an obscure Anglo-Italian journal, to refer to the British section as "the be-draggled tail of British art."

* * *

As we go to press we hear that "Mountains near Ronda," the picture exhibited by Mr. Oliver Hall, R.A., has been purchased by the Italian Government for the National Gallery of Rome.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

"ABUNDANT store is no sore." Is that a proverb invented by the sanctimoniously satisfied possessors, or is it a conception of the poor and envious? In the matter of art a correction obtrudes itself. I have often written on behalf of painters or writers on whom a certain concern for prudent perfection imposes too many of those limits which lead to indigence; that if everything indeed must depend on rigorous selection, that selection has to be practised on abundance. It appears that the dealers and directors of galleries, of which there are nearly a thousand in Paris, have realized that the abundance of plastic stores offered to the overwhelmed collector and to the critics who pray for mercy leads nowhere, save to extreme confusion. They often endeavour, in this very brilliant end of the season, to organize here and there exhibitions that are selections, that have a critical value, and that are examples and demonstrations. The retrospective exhibition of Corot at Paul Rosenberg's, the opening of which I mentioned in my last letter, is an eloquent lesson given very appropriately to the generation which might be uneasy at seeing an André Derain, one of the fathers of the pictorial revolution, maintain his position at last in those glades where Corot painted the nymphs, which he declared he had literally seen among trees, whose truth was above realism. The retrospective show of the most tender of

French masters—tender and yet so robust—is highly instructive, too, by its figures of women, aerial and earthly figures, which have been replaced in the forefront of the *œuvre* of Corot, who at his death had only succeeded in having his landscapes accepted—replaced in the forefront by the revolutionaries of 1905-10. These anti-academic revolutionaries, ambitious to find the classic truth again, installed the meditating Cézanne in his glory, and Renoir above impressionism; they paid new homage to the old Chardin, and explained Greco for the first time (through Cézanne), while honouring the ambitious spontaneity of the *douanier* Rousseau.

In response to friendly solicitations, I have succeeded in bringing together at the Galerie Carminé, Rue de Seine, a group of painters indicating more or less all the intentions, all the asserted desires from the dawn of the twentieth century to the present day. It was not possible to unite all who had the right to be there. The chances of improvisation and the exigencies of space would not permit that. Yet it has been admitted that the sixty exhibitors of the little Salon of the Invited offered, in about two hundred canvases, something like the essence, the very spirit of that which—with the old Fauvism, and Cubism that has become history, constructivism, and down to that which is defined as magic art, supported by the foreigners in the school of Paris—constitute what I may call "living art."

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I am glad to have been able to bring the only possible expression of collective work, and no doubt the most complete and truest picture of universal art of French inspiration.

Beside the youngest artists, there is Derain, represented by an admirable figure of a young girl: a little canvas that is much the most moving and the most *learned* painting considered from the point of view of "painting in itself." Why is it necessary to have so many negations, so many revolutions, so many scandalizing audacities to arrive, twenty-five years later, at this masterpiece of modesty? I think nothing less was necessary. Civilizations themselves are made of a succession of beneficial frenzies, the workers of great wisdom. To remind us of that, Picasso is there with two cubist compositions — pure paintings needing no clever interpretations, thanks to which the sense of drawing was rediscovered. Let us remember the indignant astonishment of the chroniclers of all work when, about 1906, Picasso and his friends hung on the wall of their studio a photograph of Ingres' "Odalisque" next to one of Seurat's "Cirque" or "Chahut." It is in order to evoke these days of exalted creation that Georges Braque shows two canvases which are the key to his work—two cubist still-lives, the first that authorized the shade of Chardin to be invoked. It is unfortunate that Henri-Matisse

was not able to join his three rivals. The exhibition lacks a witness of the initial movement of coloured volume to which Derain and Friesz rallied. The latter has sent a recent composition. It shows him once more attached most closely to Fauvism, as whose leader he will be regarded by historical criticism.

It would be imprudent to visit the exhibition of the Invited without noting the fact that these sixty artists, so diverse, have met here voluntarily and in perfect accord, united by the recognition of essential principles that had been unrecognized, forgotten, neglected, or so badly understood before they appeared. It is very important to see Picasso sitting next to Asselin at this symbolic supper; the Asselin of the "Maternités," Asselin the young master

from Orleans, the realist possessed by human poetry, and whose rationalistic art has so many links with the mystic poetry, based on earthly images, of his compatriot Charles Péguy, also the son of a peasant, like the peasants of the brothers Le Nain. It is significant to see Chagall—the Russian Jew of the Bois de Boulogne, spying fairies in the way in which Corot surprised nymphs—beside Vlaminck, a real Thomas Aquinas of painting, the fierce solitary who is, moreover, the fraternal friend of Chagall. Kisling, who has the *naïveté* to believe himself liberated from an

inspiration that he believes would counteract his scruples of a good workman of the purest forms—Kisling gets on well with Pascin, that singular realist who asks of the outward world nothing but the confirmation of his visions; Pascin, who in order to satisfy himself in this way travels over the world a little in the manner of the poet Gérard de Nerval, who, according to Théophile Gautier, went to the East only to find the proof of the East of his dreams.

From Dubreuil, the painter of luminous villages, to Lurçat, the deformer of exoticism; from F. Maserel, the furious insurgent, to Jean Oberlé, the sly scorner of "social virtues"; from Simon Lévy, bent over the works and the "Letters" of Cézanne with Talmudic patience, to Léopold Lévy, happy to flood with light everything that shadow could envelop; from Savin, resolved to find the



LA MAISON DANS LA MONTAGNE

By Toda

laws of grand composition by an observation of Nature that grows daily closer, to Survage, a visionary, a dreamer who submits all plasticity to a fabulous order—all are perfectly united, linked by that which was at the origin of the whole movement: the ambition to find a plastic absolute by the negation of the picturesque; the will to constitute total plasticity, involving firstly, and inevitably, the negation of the subject, though the corrupt painters had little by little reduced painting to the translation, to the single illustration of sentimental themes. The portrait itself could be one of these themes, producing satisfaction that derived from Narcissus or from family beatitude rather than pure aesthetics.

Today this stage has been passed. I have noted certain

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very marked tendencies of a return to the subject. No doubt modern painting has found sufficiently strong specific directions, no longer to fear the tyranny of the subject. Design and colour have the upper hand, as the youngest of the Invited can prove to us. Roger Wild—who has looked at Decamps a great deal, and who is the friend of the poets of today who are skilful in making mythologies out of everyday life—lifts the circus tricks up to the fabulous, from which Seurat the precursor of our modernity, had drawn his geometric dreams, richer in methods than those of Leonardo da Vinci. Per Krohg, whose hour has come and who knows at last the great consecration, is a painter who seizes in every human group the secret of those cosmic prolongations; a painter of whom one might say that he assimilates any vulgar gathering to a constellation.

A few artists who had appeared before Fauvism have accepted a place among our Invited. Laprade, for example, whose contribution, of such a racy quality, expresses wonderfully the troubled state in which the youth of the end of the nineteenth century risked corruption when, perfectly well aware of the academic error, it no longer found a remedy in the thin resources of impressionism that had grown out of nothing but the sentiment of naïve revolt, so poor in directing conceptions, and having after all given nothing for the future but that lightening of the palette which was going to permit all the relations of colour, all the accords of tones, all the symphonic audacities. The generation of Laprade (one of those whose French feeling rejoices to find Chardin in Braque) failed to recognize sufficiently early how wide a road was opened up by the apparent trampling of Cézanne.

I should like to point out some names which I think will soon be popular: Georg, initiated by Gromaire and never duped, like the latter, by a certain brutality of expression; J. Barber, who quite recently, at the very moment of the triumphal visit of Pascin, showed in America some solid examples of the school of Paris;

Germaine Labaye, whom the difficulties of life forced too long to serve the minor arts, though she has made some pretty decorative discoveries, and holds the first place in this company of feminine talents, of which Chériane, Gallibert, and Valentine Prax are other good representatives at the Invited.

Two young British artists, one of those couples so perfectly

English that literature loves to discover from Florence to the Prado, from St. Tropez to Montparnasse—Edith Fletcher and Stanley William Hayter—have just successfully held their first Parisian exhibition in the distinguished setting of the "Sacre du Printemps." Both are animal artists. The one uses the burin, the other the etching needle. Mrs. Fletcher seizes in an instant the perfection of an animal undulation; but, and it is this that gives her her personality, she distinguishes herself from the impressionists in that she translates this joy of the moment, if I may say so, into "plastic continuation." This is, thanks to her line, conditioned entirely by the exact intelligence of the value in itself of the object to be offered to us. Mr. Hayter shows, besides engravings, some southern landscapes of quite a personal character. Daring in their construction, they retain us long by their rare technique, obstinately sought in a desire to

accord colour with line. Every canvas of Mr. Hayter's is like an architectural discovery of a newness necessitated by his medium. It is not impossible that some masters lingered to reflect on the reasoned discoveries of this young man. It appears indeed that Mr. Hayter, liberated by these masters, who are still young, from so many errors of yesterday, has been anxious to bring to modern art an equivalent to the learned resources of ancient art, dullness, glazes, etc. All this had fallen to nothing, to the worst artifice with the worthless masters of 1880. But the contempt of a bad use of studio recipes mechanically transmitted, as if each one was suitable for everything, has it not led to a rather summary order? There are appreciable



LE CANAPÉ

By Laprade

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works of our time which will perish, for the simple reason that their authors were ignorant even of the very elements of the chemistry of colours. What is striking about Mr. Hayter is that his application to the immediate technique had led him to derive æsthetic advantages from what was



LA FEMME AU CHAT NOIR By Micaeo Kono
(The Zivy Galleries)

at first only the prudence and loyalty of the artisan. In some "Port de St. Tropez" showing fiery audacity in the *mise en page* there is an employment of lakes of his own invention, thanks to which the whole distribution of light is renewed.

M. André Warnod, the pleasant writer and scholar who has given a smiling face to erudition, will give us one

day an "Ancient and Modern History of the Butte Montmartre." Meanwhile he has organized at the Bernheim Jeune Gallery an exhibition of the "Painters of Montmartre," which constitutes a most significant ensemble. Moreover, M. Warnod had forestalled his exhibition with a book, "Montmartre et ses Peintres," and it will no longer be possible to write of the movement which commenced with impressionism without consulting this book, which is as sound as it is pleasant. But what evocations there are on the walls of Bernheim! Gavarni and Lautrec welcome that painter, who has disappeared and whom we knew—Bottini. Less a painter than an illustrator, he was a curious Bohemian dandy. His prints begin to be sought after. The miracle is that they have withstood time, considering that they were the result of so strange a *cuisine*; tincture of iodine took the place of sepia. Bottini lightened his backgrounds with cosmetics, and passed his paper through the oven.

M. Warnod has brought together Renoirs of the time when that master of the joy of living painted in the heart of a Montmartre that was like a vast garden. He has also brought together Picassos of the time of our youth, the violent harlequinade, which for a long time decorated the cabaret of the "Lapin Agile" and the "Maternité," which the survivors of what was called the *blue epoch* will not be able to contemplate without being overcome with memories. There is also Pascin's "Cirque Medrano"; some of the best Utrillos; watercolours by Max Jacob; canvases by Leprin and Creixams; a Van Dongen reminds us of the time when the stately inhabitant of the Pleine Monceau still lived on the summit of the Butte Montmartre. At that time, though he was not yet the portrait painter treated with adulation by the ladies of fashion, at least the girls with no reputation who served him as models guaranteed him some claim to a future. A future? Lucien Genin and Gen Paul may smile to him; these two young painters of Montmartre also descended into the lucky plains. As for Berthe Gassier, the charming wife of the celebrated political caricaturist, how much gratitude do we not owe her for so much spontaneity, so much freshness served by so scrupulous an intelligence! The art of Montmartre? It was at Marseille that I saw the first canvases of Berthe Gassier . . . the portrait of a young sailor—so blue and red!—and the portrait of the servant girl. The difficulty that Berthe Gassier had to overcome was not small. She had to find the equilibrium between the first *naïveté* with which her culture would not allow her to remain satisfied and the certainties provided by intelligence in constant peril of critical dissolution, of that which in every talent must be counted as the gift of the fairies. Who knows that the wise and witty Berthe Gassier did not on certain days envy the irremediable candour of that old child of genius, Utrillo? However that may be, the collector with forethought will do well to pet this new talent.

Paris has had for the first time a salon of Japanese artists. The honour has fallen to the Galerie Zivy. In a setting of high style, in the Avenue Montaigne, there are assembled sixty of the young Japanese artists who have been drawn to Europe by the success of their countryman, Fougita. They must be divided into very definite categories: the traditionalists, condemned to appear as decadents in the eyes of Europeans, who from Degas to Lautrec have split hairs on what was then thought to be typically Japanese; those who, like Fougita, treat themes

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or develop the manners of the West in the technique of the Far East; the tame pupils of the French, students of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, or the props of the academies of Montparnasse where they teach one to turn out Cézannes in fifteen lessons; and those, finally, who translate Europe with their own vision!

The ensemble of the Avenue Montaigne, though necessarily unequal, is very happy. It is always significant. Ah! how well certain exhibits express the inevitable anguish of our quests! Thus Arishima shows at the same time—acts of contradictory devotion—"The Last Silhouette of Japan" and the "Door of Cézanne's Studio." Here is a "Pagoda" and the "House of Renoir." There a "Pond at Singapore" and the "House of Matisse." How many young Europeans also began with such devotions, and were tormented by other contradictions!

Koyanagui is certainly the strongest, the most personal of the sixty artists at the Japanese salon. He enjoys an honourable reputation in Paris, and if Fortune begins to smile on him every one will hold that to be but just. Does not Koyanagui stand in the same relations towards Foujita, all the proportions being similar, as Braque towards Picasso? Koyanagui does not imitate Foujita, who yet revealed him to himself. He borrows some pictorial elements from him, some models, some still-life accessories, and he systematizes first of all by his choice. We await with curiosity the moment when this artist, whose progress has been constant, will feel the need of renewal.

Bando comes next. We suspect his anxiety to free himself, to be entirely himself. He has very personal inventions. Yet when so many lines, tones, and accords assert sufficiently clearly that the initiation came here, too, from Foujita, one wonders if the lesser haste of Koyanagui is not wiser; and here again we have the example of Braque, who came after Picasso and is today the true leader of his group and the master of absolute personality.

Five or six years ago I welcomed the debut of Souzouki. Cézanne was the sole object of his affection at that time, and Souzouki received good lessons from the grand old man of Aix-en-Provence. It appeared to me then that the very shrewd Japanese student revered in Cézanne, not so much those examples of stubborn creation that are his



BEFORE THE START

By Chaurand



FEMME ET ARLEQUIN

By Micao Kono

(The Zivy Galleries)

figures and landscapes, as the extraordinary capacity for meditation, the glory and torment of the master. Briefly, the little Japanese knew how to honour a prince of the imagination in this old man chained to his *motif*. It is towards the gardens of the imagination that Souzouki has gone. His manner changed from year to year, and today he is held by a system of stylization which will not long satisfy a painter taught by Cézanne. The curious thing about this Japanese is his taste for interpreting our fashions of yesterday. Certainly it is difficult to determine if Souzouki is amusing himself or if he is carrying on, by means that are foreign to ours, a sort of reconnaissance of the past, a sort of scholarly tour in time instead of space, a descent into the substrata of Old Europe. I must note the fashionable success of Micao Kono, the painter of "Femme et Arlequin." His masters are Lepape and Barbier, Driant and Domergue, and perhaps Brunelleschi. Kono is certainly suave. He tends towards the exquisite without excessive affectation, and the late Gaston Latouche would have smiled upon him. But where is the future for such an art? In Paris or in Tokyo? The screens and lacquer work of Sougawara were contended for by clients, who were happy to find a living producer of works identical with those copies of old works which make the fortune of antique dealers. I must confess that I cannot very well imagine the position of a Sougawara in Japan. Does he pass for a creative artist or could he only find a place in an anonymous atelier? Some Japanese imitate Vlaminck. May be this is only an exercise in tractability, and one must

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bear in mind the extreme youth of all these artists. I will note, as good examples of traditional *Japonisme*, which yet shows renewed life, the lacquered ivories of Kino-Outi, the translation of whose name is enough to make poets dream: Madam Earth! The Zivy Gallery enjoys the success of the season.

An English artist, the painter and poet, K. Penrose, has shown at the Van Leer Gallery some compositions arising from what has been called the magic art. It is on the margins of surrealism. His inventions are delicately lyrical, and K. Penrose has the advantage over many rivals of having studied Nature as loyally as he has questioned the Old Masters. His material is frankly pictorial. Let us also remember that in his hospitable house at Cassis, near Marseille, K. Penrose is said to preside over a circle of friends in which authoritative representatives of nearly all the present-day styles of painting have appeared. Yet his personality has not been encroached upon by them. K. Penrose appears to have received far more from his poet friends during long starlight watches by the sea. I can imagine the decorations that a Macænas could commission K. Penrose to paint for the hall of English poets in a library open to the few truly initiated.

Ever since the day when the *douanier* Rousseau departed this life, the critics have been bent on discovering ignorant possessors of genius. This has resulted in the bringing to light of at least some talents worthy of esteem: the navy Bombois, the mechanic Bayer, and the Neapolitan hairdresser De Angelis. But the first two were less anxious to express themselves fully than to attain to the ability of the pensioners of the Rue la Boétie; the Neapolitan dreamed of another century. Today we are presented with Seraphine de Senlis, whose case is more curious. Before the war she was (and this has not been said before) housekeeper to a German, who had some trouble owing to his occupation of this strategic point. The German was a collector. It was while dusting Picasso that Seraphine was touched by grace. Seraphine paints like one inspired. She is incapable of following the shade of Rousseau to the Louvre, where the *douanier* instinctively took over from Paolo Uccello so many secrets that have been neglected for centuries. Seraphine paints flowers and groups of flags. In her way Seraphine is a religious painter. She would be capable of painting for her parish a Sacred Heart in the centre of a banner, such as has never been seen before if Catholic art were not in decadence since the institution

of the worship of the Sacred Heart. Seraphine paints more or less like some miracle workers. A painter? Some of her flowers attest that she is indeed a painter. There is much more in her than that "spirit of the housekeeper" with which her old German master, who has returned to Senlis to be her manager, is concerned.

Since the days of John Lewis Brown and Degas hippic scenes have practically disappeared from exhibitions of modern art. The specialists have not awaited the decadence of the horse in order to renounce their art. Van Dongen himself, one of the last riders in the Bois de Boulogne, paints bathers more readily than horsewomen. That is why Chaurand N., who is an excellent painter, produces the effect of a singular person to go to Auteuil or Chantilly in search of models. At the private view of his exhibition the Duc Decaze and M. Martinez de Hoz mingled among art lovers and critics. The author of the catalogue of Chaurand N.'s exhibition, M. Léon Werth, the spiritual son of Octave Mirbeau, asked the painter if he "came to the horse" because—"we are so much artists"—he had one day seen a colt gallop across a landscape, or if he was simply fond of horses. And the painter answered, "I am fond of horses."

He is fond of them, this artist with the tanned mask of a trainer, and he understands them. Formed in the school which denied the fugitive impressionism, Chaurand N. possesses the sense of the translation of movement in the highest degree. His dynamic quality has much in common with that of Matisse, who initiated him into colour. Yet the arrangement of his compositions shows more sobriety. This is because Chaurand has understood very well what he had to overcome in order that so much movement to be expressed should not be dissolved into confusion. A perfect knowledge of the horse does not suffice him. He wants to bring out the poetry of the race-course and to find the accords corresponding to the air above the turf which also seems to move. The painter of animated group, Chaurand N. has above all combated the *trompe l'œil*. He goes to meet realism with his relations.

Together with the paintings of horses and jockeys, Chaurand N. shows a delicate series of pastels, winter landscapes in Provence. A soft powdering, a rare delicacy of touch force the least informed, if only he be sensitive, to distinguish the season in a country that seems to defy them.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

AT last the great day of the opening of the opera Unter den Linden had come. There was no sale of seats; the Ministry sent out invitations. A tremendous number of cars roll down the street. An elegant gathering crowds into the vestibule, which is much broader and more conveniently arranged with fine cloakrooms. Anticipation has been worked up to the highest pitch. After a rapid glance at the exterior of the rebuilt opera house, one wonders why the needless polemics arose about it. I would point out once more that the mistake lay in the decision to rebuild the house at all, but that under the existing conditions this has been quite

successfully carried out. What was there in the square before the opera house to extol as architecture? Well, there was the baroque "Commode," the modern Dresden Bank, the unoriginal Hedwigskirche, and the old opera house—styles of architecture that had nothing whatever in common. The rebuilding of the Dresden Bank already broke the tradition. The opera house had lost all shape owing to its high roof. Of Knobelsdorff's work there remained nothing but the façade. The present addition of the stage house has, if anything, re-established the good proportions. It has balanced the back of the building with the roof. The monument to the Empress Augusta

Letter from Berlin

has been removed from the square, which has thus lost its ornament, but the Hedwigskirche can be seen all the better for that. All this is really not so bad.

We enter the corridor of the parterre, which has been extended. The colour does not please me altogether. It is too light green and produces an insipid effect, while the vestibule was of a fine yellow tone. The stair to the first circle was also nobler and more spacious before. Space has been economized here in order to gain more on the other side for the promenading public. The lighting is also not quite in keeping. In design it recalls the art of Oscar Kaufmann, which has little in common with the old opera house. However, the actual theatre is the main thing, and we were particularly curious to see that, hearing that alterations were to be undertaken there after moving back the proscenium and extending the parterre in depth in order to gain seats. They are so slight as to be scarcely noticeable. It is the dear old aspect of the most comfortable auditorium that any Berlin theatre possesses.

Everything has been renovated; the ornaments, the gildings, the pictures shine with new brilliance, the access to the rows is convenient. A new door has been broken through the proscenium. It is good to see such a place filled with an audience in festal attire.

Of course the whole of Berlin is present. Wherever the eye turns there is a celebrity, a personality—Liebermann, Reinhard, Schönberg, Schreker, Lili Lehmann, Frau von Bülow, etc. At eight o'clock sharp the President enters the centre box, where the Ministers surround him. The audience rises, the "Deutschlandlied" is played, the opera is opened, and the past is forgotten. The expenses are not controlled. The "Magic Flute" is given under Kleiber.

Already here critical considerations arise. The opera should not be opened with the "Magic Flute." The brilliant music does not prevail over the primitive text. The disconnectedness of the scenes prevents a coherent mood from arising. On the second night the "Meistersinger" was given under Blech at the invitation of the Berlin Press Union; on the third night the "Rosenkavalier" under Strauss. Both of these would have been better suited for the opening. However, more might have been achieved, even with the "Magic Flute," if there had been the possibility of employing only first-class singers and if the changes of scenery had been so shortened as to allow the music to flow on in an uninterrupted sequence. As a matter of fact I had expected this of the new stage. Technically, it is more perfect than any other in Germany. It is splendidly fitted for transformations, descents, and all the effects of light. Why can they not make up their minds to what we have long been used to in modern drama—short and quick scenes which follow upon one another without break? Aravantinos has painted these new decorations. They suit his glowing imagination; there are beautiful rocks and groups of trees, wonderful temple halls, and vegetation developed out of the *motif* of tall palm trees. And all this is animated with a wealth of unusual costumes. There are other scenes which are less successful, above all, the fire and water scene. A baroque gate sinks into the ground, the reflector plays fire, fire bands that do not act hang down stiffly. Suddenly this changes to blue water that is more a light effect than an illusion. Tamino and Pamina do not mount the bridge in the fire and the water, but only run around a little. That is very bad. It is, above all, a display of resources that does not correspond to the purpose. It is like a technical exercise for the new

stage, which does not even always work. A few rapidly changing and suggestive scenes would have achieved more and would have enabled the producer Hörth to concentrate more effectively on the movement of the characters and groups. The most successful scene was the one with the priests in the forecourt of the temple, where the stage lighting played its most beautiful music in the gradual lightening and colouring of the scene. There was no real concentration either on the stage or in the audience, but rather a breaking-off and recommencement, without drama, of contrasted situations. There was but one moment, in the beautifully designed morning landscape with the three boys and Pamina, when the divine music entered into our souls untrammelled.

But the music sounds well in the house. There had been some anxiety about the acoustics; I find it almost improved. Kleiber, who conducts the score—this refined, colourful score—with extraordinary feeling, brings the strings to a sweetness of sound, to a mastery of melody, that almost remind us of Vienna. Unfortunately, his pains are not supported in the same degree on the stage. Taube, who was to sing Tamino, refused two hours before the commencement. Soot had to take up the part as best he could. Mme. Alpar, who was to do the Queen of the Night, was ill. Instead of fetching Debitzka, the part was given to the little Sabine Meyen, who has a thin, delicate, but very high and well-formed coloratura voice. Delia Reinhardt sang Pamina, and was almost better in the ensembles than in the soli. I still hear Mme. Destin. Schutzendorf as Papagene was hoarse. The three ladies were terrible to listen to. Renke as the Moor had at least the old routine. We found pure pleasure only in the rich, serious bass of List as Sarastro, and in the deep passion of voice and expression in the speaker, taken by Schorr.

The result is a rebuilt house that has left a problem behind and a performance that has to face one. The glory of the Berlin opera will not depend on the possession of a technically perfect stage, or the addition of a couple of hundred seats, but on the employment of a first-class cast worthy of this place and on the scenery being based on art, and not on experiments. This is what we will look for in the future.

And already on the second night, when the "Meistersinger" was conducted by Leo Blech with exquisitely artistic scenery by Pankok, our hopes were fulfilled. That was a worthy celebration, a perfect performance, an ensemble of the best singers. Let us hope that it will continue in the same way.

* * * * *

Werner Wolffheim has sold by auction his famous library of music. In four days this collection, unique in our day, but which could unfortunately no longer be in one man's hands, was scattered to the four winds at the Kaiserhof. No one has collected like Wolffheim since Fetis. Even Weckerlin and Wotquenne cannot be compared to him. The first portion of the collection, which was put up at the beginning, consists of fine and complete editions and facsimiles, of periodicals and year books, bibliographies and dictionaries, works on the theory of music and on instruments, on instrumental music, and, above all, of old tabulatures of quite special value. The detailed and scholarly catalogue, accompanied by a volume of plates, contains 1,541 lots. At least a few important pieces, which are particularly striking and represent the highest value, must be mentioned. There is the

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JUDENKUNIG

From the Wolffheim collection

"Paléographie Musicale," i.e. phototypes of the most important MSS. of the earliest Christian music, a work that is scarcely ever met with in its complete form. Then the first edition of Bermudo, that old Spanish representation of instruments dated 1555, only a few copies of which exist. Then the most valuable work of the whole Spanish literature of music, most of the copies of which went down in a ship—the treatise of Cerone of 1613, with numerous examples of notes and woodcuts; Gerson's "Kollektorium super Magnificat," one of the earliest examples of Ersling's printing, with the lines for the notes drawn by hand, lavishly illuminated and dated 1473; Mersenne's "Harmonie Universelle" in light red morocco binding with rich gilding (1636), a remarkable copy of this rare and famous book; Perrine's "Book of Sound," in a rich edition of 1679; rare tabulatures by

Adriaensen, an impression of Phalesius of 1592, Bataille, Besardus, the rare Gerle, the wonderful Judenkunig (which even the British Museum does not possess), the oldest Spanish tabulature printing by Milan, the organ tabulature by Schmid (1577), the collection for viol by Marais (not to be found even in the great French private collections). These are only a few of the finest pieces unequalled in the market both as incunabula and as editions, and they offer even to the uninitiated incomparable delight in the art and beauty of their printing.

* * * *

Flechtheim has arranged a great Hodler exhibition to celebrate the tenth anniversary of his death. It consists of loans from museums and private collections, figure compositions, landscapes, and drawings. The great Swiss master has not relaxed his grip upon us, though we are moved historically rather than actually. Today we cannot understand his figures otherwise than in connection with the modern dance movements, especially Wigmans. There is the same sharp rhythm, the purity of the formal consciousness, the counterpoint of the plastic symbol. Here, where we see pictures from 1878 to 1917, we can follow the development from the naturalism of the "Mower" or the "Clockmaker," or of a many-figured "Prayer" through the remarkable single figure of the soldier to the problems of rhythm, which begin with the parade of angels in the picture of the "Elect" of 1893 from Osthaus. The battle scene, and the great compositions of "Day" and "Sensation," show the clear heights of absolute anti-naturalism, of rhythmic crystallization. In a series of heads we can follow the same insistence on the inevitability and legitimacy of natural forms without any consideration for magic or illusion. The landscapes unroll themselves in larger curves. Out of naïve imitation of Nature grow the periods of stylization, large rock forms, simple patches of colour, symbols of clouds, a sort of fugue music of Nature. Later on there is a certain return towards the undisturbed impressions of the eye. The lake of Geneva, which has passed through all these stages of his art, grows calm again in its soft, clear surface.

The Möller gallery also honours a deceased artist, August Macke. Here, too, we find a striving from Nature towards style, but a style that is won, not from drawn forms, but from flowing colour. After the realities of the "Tegernsee," the play of many-coloured, interwoven lines begins with the "Indian" of 1911, becomes vision in the beautiful "Girl in the Evening" of 1913, and dominates all the flowers, women, hat shops, zoological gardens, and African landscapes till his death in 1924. Macke remains a reminiscence of a serious sweetness, of a normal colour, of a dream of life that remained stationary between impression and stylization.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE BOOK IN ITALY DURING THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES, shown in facsimile reproductions from the most famous printed volumes. With an Introduction by Dott. Comm. GUIDO BIAGI, late Librarian of the Royal Medicean Laurentian Library, Florence. Explanatory Text and Comment by WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT. (George C. Harrap & Co., Ltd.) Price 5 gns. net.

The first few lines of the Editor's note to this handsome volume are significant: "Twenty-five years ago my old

friend, the late Dr. Guido Biagi, at that time librarian of the Laurentian Library in Florence, secured for me from the Italian Government permission to issue in book form this extraordinary collection of reproductions from fifteenth- and sixteenth-century volumes illustrating the evolution of the book in Italy. Until now interest on the part of collectors and book-lovers has not warranted the very heavy expense of publication, but today the desire

Book Reviews



MADONNA LAURA DE NOVES DE SADE

*From "The Book in Italy," published by
Messrs. George C. Harrap & Co., Ltd.,
London, Bombay, and Sydney*

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for knowledge concerning the history and precedent of the art of printing is such that the collection may at last be given to the world." It is true that today the interest in printing and book-building generally is probably greater than ever, and Mr. W. D. Orcutt's venture is likely to gain for itself the reception it richly deserves. Both he and the publishers, the printers and others connected with its typography and illustration, are to be congratulated. It goes without saying that all who are professionally, or as collectors, interested in its subject-matter will gloat over its pages. The volume, however, has the additional merit of containing much that is of interest even to that somewhat wrongly despised creature "the general reader."

The book contains 128 plates or, rather, *hors textes*, of which three are reproductions of miniatures, as well as a number of text illustrations. The miniatures are "The Annunciation," by Monte del Fora; "Petrarch" and his "Laura" (see illustration on page 95)—all from the codices in the Laurentian Library, copied faithfully by Signor Attilio Formili, and exquisitely reproduced in colour. The plates naturally commence with the earliest books printed in Italy under the ægis of the famous Abbot Turrecremata of Saint Scholastica, in Subiaco, by Conrad Sweynheym of Mayence, and Arnold Pannartz of Prague, *anno* 1465. The chronological order, however, was sacrificed with a view to lightening the task of the commentator. The order is topographical. The press of Subiaco is followed by those of Rome, Venice, Naples, Savigliano, Milan, Florence, and the various smaller towns, and the latest book illustrated is the "Biblia Sacra Vulgatæ, Editionis Sixti V, iussu recogita: Typographia Vaticana of 1598." More than a century is therefore covered. There is an introduction by the late Dr. Guido Biagi, and Mr. Orcutt's learned commentary makes, as has already been pointed out, interesting reading even for the layman.

THE BOOK OF ANTIQUES, 1928. Edited by HORACE SHIPP. (Arts and Crafts Publishing Co., Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.

This work frankly and justly sets forth its purpose as that of linking American and oversea collectors with reliable London dealers in antiques. No doubt as good a motive for a book of this class as could well be found, and the intention appears to be carried out with no small grace and skill. Twenty-two informed, if brief, articles on such subjects as "London Ironwork" (Mr. Paul Faraday), "Irish Glass" (Mrs. Graydon Stannus), "Antique Pistols" (Mr. H. Frumage), and so forth are well illustrated by some fifty carefully reproduced photographs of fine examples of the particular craft dealt with in the letterpress. Following the original intention of the editor, most of these photographs are supplied by such firms as White Allom, Frank Partridge, Stoner and Evans, etc., but some private collections are also drawn upon; and in certain cases, such as the "Cameos and Miniatures" of Mr. Shepperley, in which the numbers and the names are somewhat confused—William Hazlett appearing as William Wycherly, for example—books already published have lent their aid.

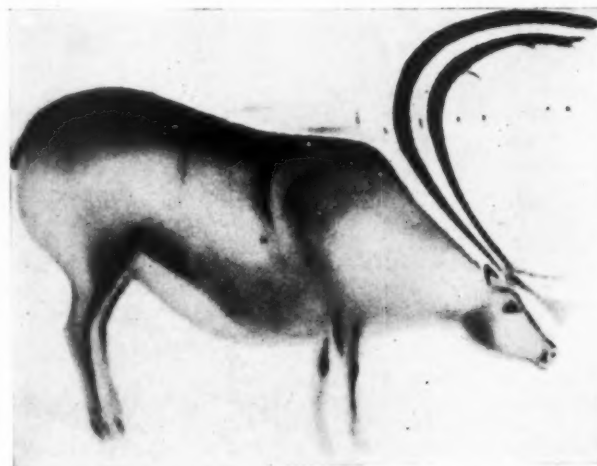
Any Dominion or American collector who has need of general information on the wide subject of works of art will find sound statements on most of the matters dealt with in "The Book of Antiques," but the article on English furniture, of such general interest just now, is especially well done. Curiously, it is the only article in the book which is anonymous. But for the fact that the first few paragraphs are in that "chatty" style which has

become so unattractive of late, and that the author calls Robert Adam, Robert Adams, as do the philistine and the heretic, we should say that it was almost the best severe condensation of the history of the evolution of English furniture that could be written at the present time.

EGAN MEW

ART IN THE LIFE OF MANKIND: A Survey of its Achievements from the Earliest Times. Vol. i: A General View of Art. Vol. ii: Art in Ancient Times, by ALLEN W. SEABY. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 5s. each net.

It is a curious thing that the State, as such, has no fixed aim in the nature of education which it gives or permits to be given to the children of its citizens. It does not know whether the purpose of education should be the imparting of culture or of commercial knowledge—commercial knowledge being a thing very different from knowledge in or by itself. But one can sympathize with the difficulties of statesmen in this respect, for if they were to concentrate upon culture our civilization, such as it is, would have to be scrapped, and in any case lack of commercial knowledge would make it fall to pieces. That might be a good thing if we had something better to substitute for it; meanwhile there is nothing except commercial knowledge which holds our commercial civilization together—and in such circumstances cultured knowledge, except in so far as it can be commercialized and consequently debased, is "a dangerous thing"—and on that account suspect. Slowly, however, very slowly, progress towards a more rational mode of existence, towards a better civilization is being made. There are more and more straws which show the way the wind is blowing. Mr. Allen W. Seaby's "Art in the Life of Mankind" is one of these signs. Mr. Seaby, who is the well-known Professor of Fine Art in the University of Reading, is dissatisfied with the place "Art" takes in our system of University education. "Compare," he writes, "the amount of reading for a degree in letters or science, occupying three or four years, with a training in art where the student, besides a constant effort to acquire technical skill, undertakes a considerable amount of reading and inquiry into methods and processes, the study of historic periods, and of subsidiary subjects as anatomy, lettering



CAVE PAINTING OF A REINDEER
From vol. i, "Art in the Life of Mankind"

B. T. Batsford, Ltd.

Book Reviews

and design, spread over a period of from five to seven years. One wonders why professors and vice-chancellors are blind to the truth that such a course of study deserves to be called education; that a student may be educated through art."

His series of textbooks, of which vol. i, "A General View of Art," and vol. ii, "Art in Ancient Times," are now before us, is written for this very purpose: education through art. Taken by and large they are excellent: their exposition of facts, their mass of interesting illustrations are admirable from many points of view.

There is only one reservation to be made: Mr. Seaby's opinions are frequently debatable. That of course is all to the good, provided they really are debated. For example, in vol. i occurs this passage: "Little remains to us of the past save its art. Princes and politicians have bequeathed nothing except dates of battles and statutes . . . etc. etc." The argument is familiar but fallacious: it ignores the fact that the consequences of the acts of "princes and politicians" have helped to shape the conditions under which we live, and often have a very direct bearing upon art. In vol. ii the author, commenting on "the porch of an eighteenth-century house and its derivation from Greece and Rome," says: "Without some knowledge of the past these familiar forms mean nothing, and the uninstructed eye passes unheeding." But surely the aesthetic appeal is independent of historical knowledge, though the latter may increase the sources of pleasure. Nevertheless, the books make good and stimulating reading: if I were a vice-chancellor or a headmaster I should insist on every student reading Professor Seaby's volumes and subsequently debating their contents with the lecturer.

H. F.

EXAMPLES OF MODERN FRENCH ARCHITECTURE.
Edited by HOWARD ROBERTSON and F. R. YERBURY. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.) 32s. 6d.

ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.
New Edition, revised by HORACE FIELD and MICHAEL BUNNEY. (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.) 21s. net.

A fortunate accident brings us the revised edition of "English Domestic Architecture of the Past," at the same moment as the work on French architecture of the present and, no doubt, of the near future. These volumes should be read by all interested in the arts; life as it is lived, and sociological influences generally, are epitomized in the architecture of any given period. No two books, rich as they are in finely reproduced and cleverly selected photographs of houses typical of their periods, could be of more value to the lay reader whose interests would be advanced by a general appreciation and understanding of this subject. For, although the writers, as architects, doubtless address the profession of architecture in the first place, the world at large cannot afford to be ignorant of a matter which so largely influences the actions of men.

The results on human character and action induced by such different surroundings as are depicted and described in the work by Mr. Howard Robertson and Mr. Yerbury, and that of Mr. Field and Mr. Bunney, must on the surface, at least, be diametrically opposed. And yet the underlying *principia* of the architects of these so different houses are the same. In domestic architecture during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England the ruling factor was convenience and the result, with the aid of time, is beauty. With the post-war work in France,

and elsewhere, utilitarianism also governs the whole idea; and whether beauty will eventually emerge or no, profitability seems assured. Thus the work of the two periods possesses a common base. On looking at the photographs of Lloyds Bank, Cirencester, *circa* 1780 (p. 54, "English Domestic Architecture"), and that of Lyons Postal Headquarters (plate xxvii, "Modern French Architecture"), it is, perhaps, not too fanciful to say that the last has evolved directly from the first; although the designs themselves show little relationship on the surface, their source of inspiration is the same. But when one compares the seventeenth-century manor houses of England with the most recent private houses at, say, Versailles (plate lix, "French Architecture"), one must own, without the least bias towards the past nor prejudice against new and original ideas, that a clear reproduction of such English Renaissance work as Neale House, Woodford, Wilts, or Camblesforth, Yorks, would, to state the matter reticently, prove more pleasing.

Broadly speaking, there is one main difference between the English domestic architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the modern French work which is the latest heir to the same traditions. In all the examples shown in Mr. Field's and Mr. Bunney's book there is none to which you could not apply Carlyle's definition of the design of Chelsea Hospital as "the work of a gentleman," whereas this restraint manifested in the old English buildings is often forgotten in the gorgeous and clever attempts of the modern French to adapt their ideas to the uses of advertisement.

DRAWING—FROM DRAWING AS AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE TO DRAWING AS AN EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS, by A. S. HARTRICK, R.W.S. With a Foreword by SIR GEORGE CLAUSEN. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.

I am glad that I was not acquainted with the first edition of this admirable little book: it would have spoilt for me the stimulating and informative freshness of its text. Mr. Hartrick is not only an artist of singular refinement; he has also the good fortune of having studied in Paris at a most significant period, and there to have become acquainted with such men as Gauguin and Van Gogh. In addition he is a student, and, as a member of the Art Advisory Board of the Girls' Public Day School Trust, eminently qualified to discuss drawing—as he does in this book—"as an educational force and as an expression of the emotions." Mr. Hartrick believes that "a training in simple drawing is applicable in a very wide sense to all persons with normal eyesight, and will be found useful in most walks of life, peculiarly today when the danger of too much dependence on theory and book-learning tends to weaken, if not to atrophy, our powers of observation and the general aptitude to use our hands with firmness and precision. Further developments concern chiefly those who are emotionally constituted and more than ordinarily sensitive to impressions of things seen. In both cases, however, it is the discipline of deliberate thinking that counts." This, then, is his "platform," and a very good and well-founded one it is. Observe, that he speaks of "the discipline of deliberate thinking," and so substitutes a reality for all academic shams. There are as many ways of drawing as there are individuals, and as many ways of "good drawing" as there are of "good thinking." Mr. Hartrick illustrates this fact in many of its grades by the inclusion of a "gallery of drawings"

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from reproductions of his own to those of the children with whose work he has come in contact.

There are a number of points made by the author which one feels inclined to dispute. For one thing: the "gallery of drawings" would have been more useful if the work of the school-children had been, not excluded, but severely limited, and the work of masters so augmented that students could have learnt from Mr. Hartrick, not only by reading, but by seeing. For example, reproductions of Crawhall, Beardsley, Menzel, Keene, Phil May, Vierge, Forain—not to mention Old Masters, such as Rembrandt, Watteau, Claude, Holbein, etc. etc.—would have really been more inspiring than the work of these excellent, but average, immature draughtsmen; more inspiring and fundamentally more useful even for the public to which his book is mainly addressed—the educationists.

However, it is ungracious to find fault with a bill of fare because of the dishes that are not provided when the *table d'hôte* is as excellent as it is in this case.

Sir George Clausen's preface is also eminently worth reading.

H. F.

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

BY KINETON PARKES

FRENCH PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND ENGRAVING

LES ORIGINES DU LIVRE À GRAVURES EN FRANCE : LES INCUNABLES TYPOGRAPHIQUES, par ANDRÉ BLUM. La. 4to, pp. xi + 103 + plates lxxviii. (Paris et Bruxelles : Les Éditions G. Van Oest.) Francs 250.

No invention has ever been fraught with such consequences to civilization as that of the printed book. It is fitting, therefore, that handsome books should deal with the subject; and this is one of them. Its printing is fine, and its heliotype plates, often with four subjects to each, are all that could be desired as illustrations. It is not a direct history of the printed book that André Blum provides, but an account of early printed books in France in continuance of researches into the origins of engraving in France as used for book purposes. All the earliest books, apart from the manuscripts, were engraved—some, as far back as the twelfth century, on sheets of linen and vellum. Later, paper sheets pulled from engraved blocks as prints were gathered together and sewn. The first were undated, and in Europe belonged to the early part of the fifteenth century. They were block books of a few sheets, and they speedily spread over Germany and the Low Countries. Germany and Holland both claim the honour of inventing the first book with movable types, for the inconvenience of an engraved block for each page, with or without illustration, was very soon felt. Coster of Haarlem and Gutenberg of Mainz are honoured names. The first movable types were of wood in imitation of the old stamps used as Royal monograms of the eleventh century, but they were soon superseded by the more durable types of lead alloy. The first printed book from type is the "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," and is placed in Haarlem about 1454, and the first book with a date is the Mainz "*Psalter*," printed by the Schæffers.

The first dated engraving is the Mary print of 1418, found at Malines and now in the Royal Library, Brussels. The next is the St. Christopher of 1423, in the John Rylands Library, Manchester. The earliest dated print with picture

and text is the St. Sebastian in the National Library at Vienna, and its year is 1437.

These are the fateful dates. Between 1437 and 1454 the printed book was being born. No one will ever know the exact day. But this is matterless, for it is the period which is important; for, although engraving antedates printing—xylography comes before typography—the interaction is subtle and fecund. This is the subject as it presents itself in France with which this volume deals—the urge in France for multiplying for wider consumption the ingenuities of art and industry. The bibliography provided by the author is a small library of seventy volumes, and it is interesting to note the inclusion of the transactions of the English Bibliographical Society, the handsome and lamented "*Bibliographica*," and the names of Robert Proctor, Gordon Duff, and Charles Sayle; but the exclusions are no less interesting. There is a great display of erudition in all this work, but no emergence of great art or literature. From 1450 to 1500 was a barren period, but it was in fallow for what was so soon to spring up in splendid growths consequent on the development of the dispersal of knowledge by means of the printing press.

It has been said that the sixteenth century was ushered in by the first really beautiful printed book, the "*Poliphili Hypnerotomachia*." This was certainly the genesis of illustration as such, for the old wood blocks were very much like those which had always been found in the manuscript and block books. But there was among these latter some fine work in both metal and wood engraving, and it is to this that André Blum addresses himself.

The tradition of writing by hand, picturing by pen and brush for books, playing cards, popular representations of saints without thought of reproduction are all gathered up in these printed and engraved books, and those in France are little different from those of other countries. France, as other countries, had her universities whose staffs included besides the teachers, scribes and librarians, booksellers and book-material dealers. All was prepared there for the reception of the new art—the art which allied engraving with printing. The lines of development were two, the use of metal-engraved plates as illustrations, which could not be applied as part of the book-printing process as chalcography is intaglio, while typography is cameo. Xylography being cameo or raised lines also, wood-engraving and movable types could be printed on the same page. This constituted the second, and far more prolific line of development. As André Blum remarks: "*Il y a dans ces ouvrages un sentiment d'une naïveté ingénue et un dessin d'une gaucherie charmante, une forme réaliste et sincère que dénote des œuvres bien françaises.*" The graphic arts were commandeered on behalf of the new printing art in the service of humanity.

The first date for the organized study of French printed books is 1470 at Paris and 1473 at Lyons. Up till 1515 there was great activity in the production of *incunabula* at the sixty-one presses of Paris, the fifty of Lyons, and those at Rouen, Nantes, Troyes, Toulouse, Limoges, Albi, Avignon, Dijon and other towns. The printers were not only very active, they were very sure of their new art, and large sums of money were invested in books which could only be recovered after many years. They were so proud of their craft that they placed signs on their premises. In Paris the chief printer's quarter was the Rue Saint-Jacques, in which the signs of the "*Soleil d'Or*," "*Soufflet Vert*," "*Deux Cygnes*," and "*La Balance d'Argent*"





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were displayed, and there were also a good many bearing the images of patron saints. Of the probable 40,000 *incunabula* produced in Europe, France produced her due share in number and quality.

LA SCULPTURE MODERNE EN FRANCE, par ADOLPHE BASLER. (Paris: Les Éditions G. Crès et Cie.) Pot 4to., pp. 170 + plates 53. Illus. Sewn. 6s.

Adolphe Basler has provided an excellent summary of what in his opinion is the significant sculpture in France today. He calls it modern sculpture, but deals with Rodin, who is dead; with Meunier, the Belgian, who is dead; with Medardo Rosso, who is Italian and of the generation of Rodin. None of these is to be considered a sculptor of today. He deals with Derain, Degas, Gauguin, Picasso, and Renoir, all experimenters in plastic, and not primarily sculptors. Of the fifty artists included in his survey only half are French, the other half being Russian, Polish, German, Italian, and Spanish, with two or three of other nationalities.

In the opinion of Adolphe Basler, therefore, modern sculpture in France is not wholly French, and he is justified. As is the case with the United States, many European artists seek a more congenial atmosphere away from their own nationals, and, it must be said, to the benefit of the countries they adopt. Such as Kuna and Nadelmann from Poland; Archipenko, Loutchansky and Chana Orloff from Russia; and Hernandez, Gargallo and Manolo from Spain, are assets to the artistic life of any country. France and America claim them today, and in this sense their work is part of modern sculpture in France. But Adolphe Basler claims also de Fiori and Lehbruck from Germany; it can be for their influence only, for de Fiori has not lived a great deal in Paris, and Lehbruck is no longer living, but his impact on modern sculpture was severe and certain.

Whatever these alien influences are worth, they cannot compare with those of the French masters themselves, however. Indeed, the great living French sculptors have influenced the sculpture of the modern world more than any others. Since Rodin, no sphere has been wider than Bourdelle's in plastic; no effect deeper than that of Joseph Bernard in glyptic. No one has deflected plastic form in its traditional elements towards Nature more than Maillol, and no one has imparted to naturalistic modelling a suaver sense than Despiau. Modelling and carving are treated with equal respect, but *en taille directe* occupies a somewhat less important position than it is entitled to in this dissertation, for its potent effects for good in the direction of glyptic work are evident, especially in Paris.

"La Sculpture Moderne en France" is an admirable introduction to the whole subject of modern sculpture, by reason of its implications and interpretations. Its seventy illustrations, fifty-three of which are whole-page, are, on the whole, useful, but the two Rodin drawings are not worth reproducing, for they convey nothing; or the graphic piece by Meunier, unlike the highly plastic drawings of Maillol which serve as a contrast to the merely graphic form of those of Despiau. Of the reproductions of sculpture many are fine, and some little known, and therefore all the more welcome; but it is a pity that the often seen bronze "La Femme à la Cruche" of Bernard, in the Luxembourg, was not replaced by an example of his splendid carved work. Animal sculpture, which is assuming once more its proper status, is represented by the carved Bear of Pompon, and the Indian Deer in black

granite, *taille directe*, by Hernandez, together with some modelled pieces by Degas, Jane Poupelet, and others.

LES ALBUMS D'ART DRUET. 1. Daumier, by ANDRÉ FONTAINAS; 2. Gauguin, by PIERRE GIRIEUD; 3. Despiau, by ADOLPHE BASLER. 4to., pp. 8 + phototypes 24. (Paris: Librairie de France, F. Sant'Andrea.) Francs 30 each.

These three examples of an admirable series of portfolios within their scope provide an excellent introduction to their respective artists. Although twenty-four pictures out of Daumier's thousands of paintings and prints seem a small number, yet each one is representative and by now well known. There is one of the versions of "Le Wagon de 3^e Classe," "Don Quixote," "L'Amateur d'Estampes," "Avocats," and two or three portraits and head studies.

In the Gauguin album more than half are Tahiti subjects, and as such provide a collection difficult to obtain otherwise. Once again the exotic forcefulness of Gauguin's genius is accentuated. The pictorial weaknesses are more than atoned for by the virile character representation, virile despite its languorous setting. There is a strange muteness in these pictures, found also in the artist's European landscapes of which a fine example is included: an intentness and an intensity. The latter qualities come out strongly in the religious subjects here reproduced, as well as in the relief carved in wood, "Soyez Mystérieuses," a reproduction for which especial thanks are due.

The carved high-relief nude for a garden by Charles Despiau comes out well in reproduction. It is a beautiful figure of ideal beauty, contrasting with the statue of the weeping Bretonne of the war memorial of Mont-de-Marsan. Despiau's command of figure plastic is well evidenced in four other female nudes, reclining and sitting ones being in bronze. The greater number of the plates in this portfolio are of the delightful portrait heads, mostly of girls and women, for which the sculptor is justly famed. Despiau is essentially a plastic artist, and it is interesting to observe the triumph of naturalism which prevails in these character studies over the classical tendency which underlies them. This is due to some extent to Despiau's association with Rodin and Bourdelle, but more to his friendship with the leaders of the modern movement in French painting.

The respective introductions are pleasant and informative, with good expository criticism.

DECAMPS, par PIERRE DU COLOMBIER. Pot 4to., pp. 64 + plates 60. Sewn. (Paris: Les Éditions Rieder.) Francs 16.50.

Decamps was a romantic with a sense of humour and a love of animals. As his latest biographer says, his paintings have nothing to fear from time, so in his short life he had nothing to fear from his period, for he could make fun of it without giving offence. He was a master in his painting and accomplished in his graphic work. As much as anyone he satisfied the thirst for the romantic sense consequent on the reaction from classicism, and mainly because his historical sense was devoid of theatricality and derived its competence from the realism he imparted to it, the result largely of his Oriental travel and experiences.

Pierre du Colombier has rediscovered the excellences of Decamps for the delectation of a generation which cares less for elaborate pictures than for studies. His great paintings are not intimacies, but unlike many such, which are far less intimate, they never fail in a true human appeal.

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They may be pure romanticism or, on the other hand, pure satire like "Les Experts"—the Monkey Critics. He loved monkeys, and consequently his representation of the jury of the Salon as anthropoids has no trace of bitterness in it. He had a great respect for animals, so much so that he often invests them—monkeys and dogs especially—with human attributes. Even to the clumsy form of the elephant he imparts dignity. As with animals, so with inanimate nature. He accords to landscape a loving respect, at once romantic and realistic; his landscapes are impressive in subject and in treatment. Decamps has been much written about—the bibliography given runs to twenty-seven items—but never more charmingly than by Pierre du Colombier, who adds new information derived from Madame Tourneux and the Burty papers, and from M. Seymour de Ricci as to the locations of the works of the artist. Decamps was born in 1803 when Ingres was twenty-three years old, but was killed by a riding accident at Fontainebleau in 1860, seven years before the death of Ingres. The book is included in "Maîtres de l'Art Moderne," a series now running to twenty volumes.

ART IN ITALY

ZEICHNUNGEN ALTER MEISTER IN DER KUNSTHALLE ZU HAMBURG: ITALIENER. Herausgegeben von GUSTAV PAULI. Large portfolio, 15½ × 21 in., plates 30, text large 8vo., pp. 34. Illus. (Frankfort-on-the-Maine: Prestel-Verlag.)

The reproduction of these beautiful drawings selected from the celebrated collection in the Kunsthalle at Hamburg is all that could be desired. It would be very difficult to get any nearer to the look of originals. They are of the Italian schools, and the period covered by the various artists is an extensive one of some 350 years. The drawings, however, are representative of the styles; five of them are by Florentines, including Filippo Lippi and Botticelli, seven by three Venetians—Canale, Guardi and Piranesi; Urbino supplies two by Raphael and Barocci. The rest are scattered, thirty in all by twenty-one different masters. There are fine drapery studies by Mantegna, Filippino Lippi, Carlo Dolci, and Alessandro Magnasco; of the nude by Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, Sodoma, Pontormo, and Raphael; figure-subjects by Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolommeo, Barocci; compositions by Marco Zoppo, Timoteo della Vite (a bold drawing in black chalk), and Corrado Giaquinto. The architectural drawings are of great interest, from a slight and small one with two figures by da Vinci to those of Canale (the boldest and most elaborate drawing given), and Piranesi. Of the latter there are four, one of which in heavy sepia is strong and bold. The Guardi drawing is a dainty watercolour of a lagoon with buildings and figures, a charming thing and the only landscape in the portfolio.

Gustav Pauli's notes to the drawings are for the most part brief, but, as required, extend to more detail, as in the case of Marco Zoppo, to which an additional illustration is given, and to an unknown master of the beginning of the sixteenth century, whose crowded sheet of small compositions requires elucidation. Further illustrations also accompany the notes on da Vinci and Fra Bartolommeo, both with handwriting, and the latter with a small nude study of great importance. So interesting are these notes that they compel special attention, and it is curious to note that the age of the artists represented averages sixty-three, the youngest being Zoppo of Bologna, born in 1455 and

dying at forty-three; Raphael, born at Urbino in 1483, was forty-seven when he died; all young men. The oldest was Barocci, also of Urbino, who was eighty-four, but Guardi ran him very close at eighty-one. The earliest date applicable to the collection is 1406, the date of Filippo Lippi's birth, and the latest 1793, the date of Guardi's death. These notes match the excellence of the reproductions they accompany, and a word in praise is due to the fitness of the double mount for handling. The publication is altogether admirable.

DIE KULTUR DER RENAISSANCE IN ITALIEN, von JACOB BURCKHARDT, mit Einem Geleitwort von WILHELM VON BODE. Cr. 8vo., pp. vii + 588. (Berlin: Verlag Th. Knaur Nachf.)

Recently we noticed a new edition of Burckhardt's "Der Cicerone," making a total issue of 58,000 copies of that useful guide to Italian art. We have now to welcome a new and complete edition of the same author's great dissertation on "Italian Renaissance Culture," which has the advantage of a foreword by Wilhelm von Bode. It has a good bibliography of the authorities upon which Burckhardt relied; a clear index and a remarkably full "contents," which forms a useful help to study. It is clearly printed on thin paper; is charmingly bound in cloth and is a pleasure to handle. No subsequent history—not even that of John Addington Symonds—has exceeded it in value; it still remains a standard work although it was published as far back as 1860, an English translation appearing in 1878.

THE GERMAN SCENE

1. DEUTSCHE KUNST UND DEKORATION. Illus. 65. Marks 2.50. 2. INNENDEKORATION. Illus. 45. Marks 3. (Darmstadt: Alexander Koch.)

The July issues of these two handsome publications deal with the exhibition of German art at Düsseldorf, which is open until October. A large number of illustrations, many of them whole page, provide a demonstration that German art and decoration have undergone a sudden and marked change. For five or six years after the war it ran wild, consequent on the fruition of the tendencies that were developing with the war spirit. Things have changed. The artists are practising what they have learned of peace and repose through suffering. The result is more dignified but no less challenging. The Düsseldorf Exhibition is obviously less restless than a Berlin exhibition might have been. The Düsseldorf artists still form a school. While it is not classical it is in the tradition that Düsseldorf has always known. Berlin and Vienna (for Vienna is still considered a German art centre) show the most advanced work, but Düsseldorf is in the movement in the persons of such men as Robert Pudlich and Adolf Uzarski. On the other hand, Johannes Knubel and Richard Langer, the sculptors, are traditional in the best way, and Jupp Rübsam's plastic work, although stylized, cannot be said to be modernist, any more than the fine figure painting of Arthur Kaufmann. But the most striking feature exhibited by these illustrations is the strong Pre-Raphaelite tendencies of quite a number of the painters—the Pre-Raphaelitism of Ford Madox Brown and Holman Hunt. Otto Dix and Richard Müller, both of Dresden, are exponents of this tendency. Architecture as such is not dealt with, but interior decoration takes an equal place with pictures and sculpture. It includes not only furniture but furnishings, and an article is devoted to the important series of wall

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decorations by Ruth Hildegard Geyer-Raack, of Berlin. There are pleasant illustrations of porcelain and other ceramic work, and two quite original interior fountains by Emil Fahrenkamp and Karl Wach are shown. All these illustrations indicate a sounder and more sober view, and most of the structural extravagances of the furniture have vanished with the more exotic forms of decoration, giving place to a well-ordered and disciplined vision of things.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MICHAEL ANGELO. By FRITZ KNAPP, with 4 colour plates. Verlag von F. Bruckmann, A.G., Munich. Linen, 25s.; half linen, 20s.

CYCLES OF TASTE. By FRANK P. CHAMBERS. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 9s.

POTS AND PANS. By H. S. HARRISON. Gerald Howe, Ltd. 2s. 6d.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. By P. DE LAPPARENT. The Bodley Head. Illustrated. 5s.

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE. By HELEN WRIGHT. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 2s.

BLOCK-CUTTING AND PRINT-MAKING. By MARGARET DOBSON. Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

RECHERCHES SUR LES INFLUENCES ORIENTALES DANS L'ART BALKANIQUE. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

INTERIOR DECORATION OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By ABRAHAM SWAN. John Tiranti & Co.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH: JOHN IRELAND

By H. E. WORTHAM

THE remark of a Viennese, to whom I was recently talking about music, that he considered John Ireland to be the most characteristically English of our composers induces me to devote these lines to his work, the more readily since Ireland has never been estimated quite at his true worth. At one time he enjoyed what was perhaps an excessive popularity through some of his songs, which showed the influence of his master, Stanford, himself the greatest song-writer this country has produced, certainly since Arne and probably since Purcell, and through one or two piano pieces—"Chelsea Reach" being the best known—of an impressionist tendency. Fame, however, which is easily won is as easily lost, and John Ireland, who has not, I think, produced any best-sellers comparable with these written a decade ago, has never escaped association with the rather facile success he then achieved. The result is that an extremely conscientious and painstaking artist has been, to a certain extent, misjudged by the smaller public upon which ultimately rests the responsibility of making reputations. Yet in many ways there is no more interesting composer in England today. He is more definitely in the main stream of our music than any of his contemporaries, more definitely than Bax, Holst or Vaughan Williams; he is more typically English than any of these, and hence perhaps the growing popularity of his chamber music, of which the two sonatas for piano and violin enjoy already a European reputation. Their melodic freshness, their clear, logical construction, based on a style which in these examples at any rate avoids either intense emotionalism (a German foible) or over-elaboration of craftsmanship (a French weakness), make them attractive to any audience at a first hearing, and further acquaintanceship only strengthens one's first pleasurable feelings.

One of the reasons why John Ireland is apt to be undervalued is that the bulk of his music is small; he has not a great number of published works above his name. For a man of fifty this may be, and often is, put down to a weakness in the inspirational impulse. Fecundity in the past has always been looked on as a merit, whether the offspring were of a man's loins or a man's brains. But when one looks through the catalogues of the masters, and thinks of the long "opus" list, with its consequent lack of

self-criticism, that has marked almost every composer, both great and small, one begins to see that birth-control might be as usefully applied in the one case as in the other. How much better it would have been for music if Schubert had halved his work and given nothing to the world that had not the true impress of his genius! What is true of the mightiest is still truer of the second-raters, amongst whom move Schumann, and truest of all of the great crowd of composers whose music has returned to the quarry of silence from which they hewed it so easily. How many of Raff's two hundred odd works have you ever heard? Do you know that Spohr, once the idol of his age, wrote nine symphonies, seventeen violin concertos, and thirty-three string quartets? With these examples before one, the restraint of John Ireland in having suppressed all the work he composed before he was thirty-four seems highly commendable. He understands, at any rate, that self-criticism is a valuable asset in the artist. What he wrote in early manhood his more mature judgment found wanting. So he withdrew it, and the consequence is that we have practically nothing of his published which was composed more than some sixteen years ago.

Amongst this collection there are only two orchestral pieces, a prelude dating from 1913, "The Forgotten Rite," which is an example of the "nature-worship mood" that has almost degenerated into a convention amongst modern English composers, and a symphonic rhapsody, "Mai-Dun," written eight years ago, that does not often, however, find its way into the programmes of our symphony concerts. Ireland, so far, has not shown himself to have any great interest in the problems of colour and timbres which present themselves to the symphonist, and so he does not take kindly to the orchestra. Throughout his work, indeed, one notices a certain insensitiveness to such considerations. Admittedly, the collaboration of piano and violoncello offer difficulties which have been surmounted with entire success by no composers (though Brahms has very nearly done so).

Still, the sonata for 'cello and piano by Ireland is one of his most significant works. It really is what it purports to be—in other words, the composer has expressed himself within the limits and under the restraints which the sonata form imposes. And in spite of this he has avoided any

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suggestions that the music comes from the head rather than the heart. On the contrary, the whole composition palpitates with life and feeling, with feeling under that restraint which is the mark of the true creative spirit. His control of form is absolutely sure, and gives that impression of consciousness which the sonata form, filled with the sense of its own importance, so often fails to produce. As mood follows mood with the beauty of contrast that shows emotion controlled by will one has no doubt of Ireland's poetic insight. An intense first movement, coloured by a sternness that is never long absent from Ireland's work, is succeeded by a passionate seven-bar introduction leading to the lovely theme (A) played first by the piano alone.



One could hardly believe that so simple and suave a melody could have been written in the stormy years after the war, when music was suffering from just another attack of such convulsions as the Duchesse de Choiseul complained of when Gluck was leading opera into the fields wherein Wagner, nearly a century later, reaped so fruitful a harvest. And with what ingenious beauty of harmonic device does Ireland proceed to elaborate this charming idea! Then in the last movement, in an atmosphere of increased rhythmical tension, he returns to use up material taken from the first, and thus rounds off a work in which there is not a redundant bar or an incongruous phrase.

There are many other qualities, too, which one might note in this sonata, in particular the solidity of the diatonic idiom (which at the same time is perfectly individual to himself and conveys no suggestion of reminiscence) and the firm control of rhythm, admirably illustrated in the flowing lines of the slow movement. Its weakness in performance—and here I am speaking of my own personal experience—is that the piano part is apt to overbalance that of the 'cello. A passage like this (B) for instance,



comes off ungratefully for the string instrument, and there are many others in the first and third movements where the elaboration of the piano writing detracts from the unity of ensemble.

We may ascribe this in part to the special difficulties, already alluded to, that beset the composer writing for piano and 'cello, and also to the fact that Ireland is not primarily a musical colourist and is chiefly interested in other things than timbres. Insensitiveness is perhaps too strong a word to use in this connection. At the same time it does remain a defect, the outstanding defect in Ireland's work, appearing in many places, not least in his songs where

the beauty of many is clouded by piano accompaniments which obscure the fine drawing of the vocal line. He seems to have become aware of this in his latest songs, and in settings to such poems as "Friendship in Misfortune" and "The One Hope," both of which echo with deep sincerity the dark moods that inspire the words, he has returned to the simplicity of an earlier manner, though he has now thrown off the influences which that betrayed. In spite of this, his songs, which must number at least sixty, form a remarkable collection for the variety of moods they mirror, as also for the fidelity with which he always treats the poet's line.

Though Ireland belongs to a generation which cannot but be sensible to the current of folk-song, against which only our younger composers can successfully struggle, he never definitely surrenders to it. He goes, of course, to the country, but he does not pretend to be a countryman. A song like "The Vagabond" is a good example of the rarely-shown picturesque side of his art. "The Land of the Lost Continent," a cycle of six songs taken from "A Shropshire Lad," without being in any way bucolic have a ring about them that is always English and sometimes Purcellian. To this category belongs "Ladslove," where the long rhythmic curves of the vocal line wonderfully fit the deliberate movement of the poem. Of another sort is "Santa Chiara," certainly an exception to the generalization that his accompaniments are inclined to be out of perspective with the voice, a song which recaptures in more subtle form the impressionist feelings which ran through his popular piano pieces of 1919, the already mentioned "Chelsea Reach" and "Soho Forenoons."

But the works which have done the most to make Ireland's reputation as a composer of other things than miniatures are, as I have already said, his two sonatas for piano and violin, though he reverses the usual precedence and puts the violin first. The first is well made and effective to play, and it was this work which raised the enthusiasm of my Viennese friend whose remark I repeated at the head of this article. The second sonata, however, has many more qualities than this, and on the whole we may take the judgment of English music-lovers, which considers this as easily his best work, to be justified. The first movement has the same grimness that underlies a good deal of the 'cello and piano sonata, and is found in its most undiluted form in the E Minor piano trio. But we must remember, for one thing, that it reflected the war spirit, and for another that music, tending always to the sweetness of insipidity, as the impulse of inspiration leaves it, has been particularly emphatic in avoiding this imputation in its reaction against romanticism. Ireland is inclined to be harsh, rugged, and grim. Sometimes he overdoes it, but not in this violin and piano sonata. The second movement by contrast is a beautiful piece of lyrical writing, strongly felt, richly endowed with melody, and worked out with the utmost nicety of skill. The cadenza-like passage in the middle for the violin alone, climbing to the C an octave above the C in alt and followed by a bar's silence, is one of those touches that make this movement one of the greatest achievements in contemporary English music. Then comes the finale, where a tonic and dominant theme gives an atmosphere of quite irresistible jollity. The whole of this last movement is a proof of two things—that music can still be unsophisticatedly gay without dropping into banality, and that it is possible for a composer to be as diatonic as you please without suffering the same fate.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

Roland Strasser Drawings and Paintings at the Paterson Gallery.

Mr. Roland Strasser's second exhibition at the Paterson Gallery repeats the interest and success of the first, except that the artist has visited pastures new and introduces us to Mongolian princesses, geishas, as well as lamas and Mongolian wrestlers and soldiers. Mr. Strasser, it appears, has not the patience to put a picture together; at least his paintings, especially those like "Lamas Returning from the Temple" (12), or "Horse Market" (18), in which there are several figures, hardly rise above the level of rapid notes. On the other hand, his single figures, and particularly his chalk drawings, are amazing—and this word is no mere figure of speech. There are three studies in gouache of a "Mongolian Princess" (8, 21, 26) which render not only the very picturesque aspect of such a woman, but allow us to see the weight of her somewhat heavy body in her clothes and the weight of her somewhat dull soul in her eyes. All this is expressed in a technique which eschews line and depends entirely on placing patches of the right colour and tonality side by side. The chalk drawings, of which one is here reproduced, illustrate his method in another medium; they are, if anything, even more astonishing.

Paintings by Othon-Friesz at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery.

Twenty years ago Othon-Friesz was admired as one of the "wild beasts"—the Fauves of that Paris *jardin d'acclimatation* where painters of all nationalities learn to acclimatize themselves to the mountain airs of Martre or Parnasse. Since then many wilder "animals" have appeared, and Othon-Friesz looks even in London—and this is saying a good deal—almost tame, if not exactly domesticated. One is glad to be able to record this, since apparently "uncompromising hatred of domesticity" is, *teste* Mr. Frank Rutter, one of the Fauves' outstanding characteristics. But surely it has its drawbacks. Paintings that are not *domestic* are, by that token, not particularly suitable for house-room, and, indeed, one of Monsieur



A GEISHA

By Roland Strasser

(At the Paterson Gallery)

Friesz's—and many modern painters'—disadvantages is that they require more space than can commonly be given them if they are to be seen to their best advantage in a room: they are too big for their boots—the boots being the comparatively modest size of the frame-openings. That apart however, these large compositions—with a single green dominant—make a pleasant assembly for temporary entertainment. Amongst the most satisfying are the Derainish "Tulipes" (1), the cool "Hortensias" (2), the Vlaminckish "Effet de Neige" (4), the Cézannish "Terrasse" (8), the sluggish "Négresse" (14), and, above all, the emerald-green "Entrée Port du Havre" (16), an especially good design with a fine sense of space.

What one really wants for the full enjoyment of pictures such as these is an empty room with an easel, so that one might inspect each picture by itself—one at a time—the collection being kept in cabinets out of sight, to be produced as and when one is in the mood.

Mr. Gordon Craig's Stage Designs at the St. George's Gallery.

I am not sure that such exhibitions as Mr. Craig's present one, in which is a whole lot of theatrical drawings and designs from the merest manuscript notes to elaborate etchings, should be made publicly accessible; it is almost worse than a peep behind the scenes. The public ought, like children, to be kept in ignorance of "the works"—"the play's the thing," for them anyway. But that may be mere prejudice on my part, since it is certainly arguable that it ought to do them good to realize the infinite and complex mental labour that precedes the staging of a play when the producer is an artist like Gordon Craig. Here Mr. Craig might comment that a similar or even a greater amount of mental effort may happen when the producer is not an artist, for I believe one of his own arguments is that it is less the amount than the quality of thought that decides the question. However that may be, it seems to me that the average "man in the gallery" or "woman in the pit" kind of visitor will not gain much from conning a *per se* inexplicable drawing explained in the catalogue as:

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For Act 1, Scene 2, The Same, Ditto, etc.—even assuming that they may be acquainted with Ibsen's "The Pretenders" with which the majority of the exhibits deal. Some of the designs, for "Macbeth" or "For an Eighteenth-century Play," and several of the etchings for "Scene," or the Callottesque "Drama" or the (quite theatrical) "Ponte Vecchio" are, however, covetable as independent works of art.

One word more: Mr. Ashley Dukes ends his appreciative and provocative introduction to the catalogue on this note: "They (i.e. the etchings) represent Mr. Craig's belief that when patrons of the theatre are willing the artists of the theatre will be able to create a medium of their own—an art which will be to vision what music is to sound." I am not quite sure that Mr. Dukes has actually said what he probably meant to say, but the stress on "a medium of their own" rather confirms one's suspicion that Mr. Craig's idea of an ideal play is like the father's idea of an ideal child: it should be seen but not heard.

Contemporary French Art at the Leicester Galleries.

This exhibition of contemporary French art is a return "gesture" for the recent exhibition of English art in Paris. The word "contemporary" needs a rather wide interpretation, for the exhibition includes works painted more than thirty years ago, which perhaps makes it a little difficult for the English visitor who is not acquainted with the development of French art. However, the selection is, on the whole, admirable. There are such representatives of the older generation as Forain, Besnard, Mesle, Vuillard and Blanche; and of the younger generation as Segonzac, Picasso, Vlaminck, Dufy, Ceria, d'Espagnat, Braque, Dufresne, Utrillo, Zingg, etc.—all painters with an established reputation. But to discuss the exhibition profitably one would have almost to take picture by picture, for being of the French school these artists are of none. That is to say, one could hardly find a single quality that binds more than two together. Blanche and Besnard have perhaps more affinity with each other than Segonzac and Vlaminck, or Zingg and Braque, but that, after all, is saying little. One might discourse on the wonderful manner in which Blanche has conveyed the decadence of the "Beauté de Cinéma" (76), or express surprise at the lack of success in Besnard's "La Lettre" (61), a picture surely only painted as a study in reflected light, in which respect it is peculiarly inaccurate. On the other hand, Simonidy's "Nu aux Rochers" is, as a study of the nude in reflected sunlight, eminently successful. Grigory Gluckmann, always distinguished by a personal manner of colour orchestration, has also succeeded in an admirable "Nu" (108), a beautifully painted back view of a woman in a good setting of greys and pink. Colour rather than form seems to be the aim of the younger generation—at least such pictures as Zingg's red "Les Pommes" (107), Laprade's green "Roses et Bas Relief" (87), Picasso's "Clown et Singe" (80) point that way, though the latter may be an older picture. Marie Laurencin, another colourist, is badly represented (115). There are some admirable drawings by Forain, Matisse, Gottlieb, and Charlemagne.

If we are to return the compliment and make a purchase from this collection for our own National Gallery, I would suggest a choice from the following: Hugues de Beaumont's "Le Foyer de la Comédie Française" (66); Blanche's

already mentioned "Beauté" (76); Clairin's "Chaumières au Bord de la Route" (90); Gluckmann's "Nu" (108); or Vlaminck's "La Neige" (97)—all paintings of real merit and distinguished by their un-English qualities.

The New English Art Club at the New Burlington Galleries.

Three strokes of the pencil or a thick very black point in an exhibition catalogue mark the works that have moved me most; two strokes or a lesser point denote appreciation of a less emphatic kind; a simple "tick" stands for "quite good," and a nought for active dislike. Judged by these marks of merit, this new "New English" show did not contain many moving exhibits, but the notes nevertheless surprise one on reflection. I find, for example, amongst the "oils" the following paintings in the order of the catalogue, most emphatically marked for preference: "Group" (158), a still-life composition by Barbara Mackenzie-Smith; the "Tower of Babel" (161) and "The Ark" (162), both lacquer paintings by E. M. Dinkel; "Baby's Bath" (180), by William L. Clause. Amongst the watercolours and drawings Randolph Schwabe's "The Fountain, Moustiers-St. Marie" (24) and "Constructing the Tyne Bridge" (267) by Claude Muncaster; these are the only ones which bear this distinction. Amongst the "two-stroke" preferences of mine were: Maresco Pearce's "Palm Tree: Mentone" (119), Mary McEvoy's "The Girl in White" (164), Maresco Pearce's "Garibaldi," E. Constable Alston's "Threshing Corn" (192), Kathleen Hartnell's "Chalk Pits" (204), Billie Waters's "Flower Decoration" (206), Charles M. Gere's "Towers of Brigue" (207), Irene Wyatt's "Flowers" (211). Amongst the watercolours and drawings, "Building the Trawler" (27) by John Platt; "From the Story of Tobit" (74), by C. Mahoney; John Nicolson's "Evening." Space forbids, unfortunately, the mention of all those which I considered at the time "quite good," amongst them for example such an interesting painting as little Miss Manning Saunders's "Old Andrew" (45), William Mathews's unusually lit landscape "Tarbert" (82), Stephen Bone's amusing "Evening" (114), Malcolm Milne's ditto "Red Cupboard" (217), and several others. I should also have liked to record those against whose names I have marked active disapproval, the more so as they are some of the best known.

On appeal to later, calmer reflection, with the critical rather than the emotional faculty in the ascendant, the verdicts as given above would now in some cases have to be qualified, but to do so would require a more elaborate comment than the occasion justifies, for when all is said and done there is no masterpiece in the whole exhibition: the N.E.A.C. needs an æsthetical "Pride's Purge" if it is to continue as a "revolutionary" body; or else it should frankly declare itself for the restoration of the monarchy in the person of the president of the R.A.

Sculpture and Drawings by Georg Kolbe at the Warren Gallery.

Herr Georg Kolbe is regarded by those in Germany who "ought to know" as the *bedeutendste Bildhauer Deutschlands*—the most significant German sculptor. He can hold his own—judging even by this small exhibition—amongst a much wider circle of modern rivals. If comparisons help to convey any idea to those who have not

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Art News and Notes



ON THE TERRACE

A Colour Etching by Elyse Lord

Published by Alex. Reid & Lefèvre, Ltd.

seen his work, one might say that his inspiration comes from two sources which are not so wide apart as they might seem: the early Gothic carvers and Rodin. From the early Gothic source comes a preference for slender, elongated figures—though possibly the artist's admiration for Anglo-Saxon women may have something to do with it—and also a certain abstract calm as in the "Assunta" (9). From Rodin, on the other hand, comes a delight in strained and stressed poses—as in "The Kneeling Girl" (5), "The Seated Girl" (23), "Capriccio" (25). Perhaps his most characteristic and admirable achievement is the expression of seeming motion. His figures appear to be soaring, as in "Through the Clouds" (3), or the quietly ascending "Assunta" already mentioned, dancing as in "Naiad" (1) or the "Dance of Death" (14), and so forth. All these pieces are modelled with an astounding knowledge and sensitiveness to every quiver and movement of the muscles under the skin—a blind man could enjoy them by his sense of touch. I do not think it is possible to pay a sculptor a greater tribute than this.

M. Gleb Derujinsky's Sculpture at Messrs. Knoedler's.

In course of a short but profoundly interesting conversation with the writer, M. Gleb Derujinsky, the still young Russian sculptor, casually mentioned that after a course of law and a course of art in Petrograd—or Leningrad as it now is officially—he visited Europe. I apologized for my involuntary smile with the explanation that we considered part at least of Russia to be also part

of Europe. M. Derujinsky, who regards Peter the Great as the true originator of that Europeanization of Europe which has found in Lenin its climax, affirms Russia to be fundamentally akin to Asia, i.e. akin in thought- and art-forms to Persia and India. This seems to be, at all events, a truer conception of the Russian drama than that current in our daily Press. Nevertheless, there is nothing strikingly different from "European" art in this exhibition, unless one tries to read something Russian into the three pieces of "subject" sculpture, namely the carved marble fragment "Angel of Sorrow" (12), the wood-carved "Saint George" (13), and the plaster-cast model for the wood-carved "Annunciation" (11)—but they all suggest, if anything, the Gothic, whilst the finely modelled "Torso" (14) is clearly Greek in feeling. The rest of the exhibits are portraits. There is nothing spectacular in M. Derujinsky's art—it is just extremely well done, and by "well" one does not only think of the sitter's person but also of his or her personality. The plaster-casts of "The Hon. Maurice Baring" (6) and of "Sir John Lavery" (7) are notable successes in this latter respect. Other pieces which specially impress one are the somewhat sombre "H.H. the Maharanee of Cooch Behar" (1), the "Marquise de Casa Maury" (3), and "Prince Serge Obolensky" (8)—each strikingly different in treatment.



THE ANNUNCIATION

By Gleb Derujinsky

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Chinese Paintings at the Betty Joel Galleries.

"This picture was painted for me by the artist when he assumed the duties of magistrate of the district of Wënteng, on the borders of Wei-hai-wei," says a note to a picture in the exhibition of Chinese paintings at the new Betty Joel Galleries, 25 Knightsbridge. It teaches us—the note as well as the picture—more about the difference between East and West than any lengthy exegesis. A Chinese gentleman, from the Emperor downward, knew how to paint because he knew how to write; only the illiterate were *ipso facto* unable to appreciate art, and a good writer was, again *ipso facto*, an accomplished painter. Apart, therefore, altogether from questions of variety or even genuineness, this loan exhibition brought together by Sir James H. Stewart Lockhart, K.C.M.G., "on account of what appeared to the collector to be their own intrinsic beauty," is well worth a visit. Such remarkably early and well-preserved landscapes as those painted by Hsü Tao-ning, circa A.D. 1088, are a pure joy. The "Flowers, Tree-Rock, and Parrot," by T'sui Pai, date A.D. 986, and therefore still earlier, is a beautiful thing, of a charm which could not be matched with any European work of that or, perhaps, any other date. "A Hundred Sparrows," an undated painting of the Ming dynasty, is typical in its loving and untiring rendering of the idea "bird" in every aspect. The late monochrome paintings in black-and-white, dating from the end of the eighteenth century to the fall of the Chinese Empire, are amazing in their concentration and the cunningness of the hand which they display; whilst the "Finger Paintings," done with only finger and nail, without a brush, are still more surprising. But these things must be seen to be appreciated.

Paintings and Drawings by Bertram Nicholls at Barbizon House.

We have far too few landscape painters of the calibre of Mr. Bertram Nicholls, who does not paint "from Nature." The Impressionist theory, which affected practically the whole of painting from the last decades of the nineteenth century onward, made it almost a crime for an artist to paint at all unless he had the objects he wished to depict, not only before his eyes, but before his easel *en plein air*—even when they were indoors. Post-impressionist theories, in so far as they relinquished the remnants of the Impressionist theories, went to the opposite extreme by declaring any semblance to Nature an adulteration of pure æsthetics. Mr. Nicholls is not even one of those who walk—for safety—in the middle. There is Cotman, John Sell of that ilk, and Velazquez in his art, perhaps, and there may even be others, but most of it is pure Nicholls; in other words, an artist who has a respect for the dignity both of natural and especially of architectural form, a love both for colours and for pigments as such. These qualities enable him to give interpretations of Nature, based on carefully drawn—not painted—studies which are in quality like finely-wrought elegiac verse. His predilection for silhouette and for simple planes, as well as his dislike of calligraphic brushwork, occasionally, perhaps, betrays

him into the creation of "marquetry," but if in such cases his pictures lose in dynamic force they gain in static power. Where all exhibits, apart from the "Return of the Fisherman" (19)—an early picture somewhat Edward Stottish in conception and technique—are so uniform in handling and achievement, it is difficult to make a choice. My personal preference is for the almost monochromatic, grey "Biblioteca—Bergamo" (34); but the still "Chalk Pit" (3), the simple "Garda, sul Lago" (5), and



THE FRENCH COLONY

(The Raeburn Gallery)

Watercolour by F. Ziem

"Sirmione" (16), and especially the "Tower at Bergamo" (11), and "Washing in the Stream, Garda" (15), richer in colour, are all equally, if for different reasons, desirable. It is strange how comparatively seldom this sense of desire becomes active in a picture exhibition; but Mr. Nicholls's paintings would, one feels, make good and kindly companions.

Paintings by Félix Ziem at the Raeburn Gallery.

Writing without a book I cannot for the moment make sure whether Félix Ziem ever met Turner personally;

Art News and Notes



SHIPPING, LE HAVRE

Pen-and-ink and wash by F. Ziem
(The Raeburn Gallery)

I think he must have done, or else he must have read a passage in Thornbury's book. This is the passage I mean: "On one occasion he (Turner) was particularly struck by his friend Jones's blue waistcoat and its contrast with a red scarf worn underneath. 'I like that, Joney,' said Turner; 'good bit of colour, Joney,' and soon after he appeared in the same effective dress." Monsieur Ziem's fame rests on the effective blue sea-waistcoat and the red sunset-scarf in which he dressed all these paintings by which he gained his popularity. More's the pity; for the man who could do the black monochrome "On the Amstel," or paint the subtly-toned harmony in reds and yellows of the "Flowers" (8), was a much greater painter than the manufacturer of "Venice in Oils." But if Turner almost undid himself by a red and blue "complex," what chance does a lesser man like Ziem stand? Yet "On the Amstel" was a late work. It should be noted that this is the first time a collection of Ziem's has been exhibited anywhere, and seeing them together one understands what "romantic" meant at the *fin de siècle*.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Nicholson and Mr. Staite Murray at the Lefèvre Galleries.

The combined exhibition of Mr. Ben and Mrs. Winifred Nicholson's paintings and Mr. Staite Murray's pottery was of more than ordinary interest. It was in the nature of a challenge. Perhaps one ought to except Mrs. Nicholson's work, since it is normal, fresh, simple and charming, and stands for no principle except the artist's right to interpret Nature in the terms of colour, rather than of drawing or of tone or of abstract pattern. I do not mean to say that her pictures are devoid of those other qualities, but one gained the distinct impression that it is mainly the colour and freshness of the flowers which prompt her to put brush to canvas. And she succeeds

admirably in conveying her emotions to the spectator in most of her paintings, amongst which may be singled out "Wild Flowers" (13), "Cuckoo Flower" (33), "September Flowers" (37), "Dog Tooth Violet" (38), and a sage-green "Pastoral" (11). Her conception is less suitable for figure or portrait painting, precisely, I think, because human beings and even animals refuse to be adequately interpreted as mere compositions of colours.

Mr. Ben Nicholson and Mr. Staite Murray are, so to speak, horses of a very different colour, but they run together in harness, for their harness is "aesthetics." Mr. Ben Nicholson is saved from one cause of criticism by the fact that his works are not articles of use. At all events, pictures are presumably always bought for the sake of the pleasure they give, and not because they might make useful windscreens or waterproof coverings. Mr. Staite Murray is, as a potter, less fortunate, for even his pots are pots, that is to say, vessels of some kind, and the person who would like to use them as such is not, therefore, to be condemned outright as a fool. Yet I have the uncomfortable feeling that Mr. Murray would incline to look

upon such use as an outrage or a sacrilege. He wishes his pots to be regarded as works of art, as equivalents of paintings: hence such titles as "Girlhood" (17), "Nocturne in Black and Bronze" (18), "The Sea Through Trees" (15); hence also the prices—twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty guineas—he is asking for some of them.

As both Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Murray are serious artists, it is worth while inquiring how far they are justified in their attitude.

Mr. Nicholson does not make pots; he merely paints them: nor is he particularly interested in painting them like "Nature." This, of course, is deliberate, for Mr. Nicholson can paint, and has painted, pots as realistically



FLOWERS

(The Raeburn Gallery)

By F. Ziem

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as anyone has ever done. Mr. Nicholson does not paint "Nature" in any case; if I remember one of his dicta rightly, he once told me that he paints "the disturbance created in his mind by the thing seen." If he had a less harassing kind of experience of things—in other words, if he were not merely *disturbed*, but waited until the preliminary period of disturbance had resolved itself into a definite emotion—his pictures would themselves be less disturbing. It is a pity that he will not take a leaf out of his wife's book and paint with less sophistication, for there can be no doubt that he has not only a sense of colour which is both strong and sensitive, but he also possesses creative invention of a very high degree, so high, in fact, that he can afford to be "normal" in its expression.

As to Mr. Staité Murray's pots, it seems to me that his very awe of æsthetics is betraying him into some offences against them. Many of his new pots look top-heavy. "No. 35, Lacquer Red," is a case in point; "No. 58, Purple and Black," is not much more stable. Even the beauty of "No. 18, Nocturne in Black and Bronze," suffers from its unstable proportions. In concentrating upon high-firing and glazes, the artist has run the risk of spoiling his shapes.

There are many lovely things here, it is true—"Smoke-grey Resist Decoration" (12), "Lavender, Blue and Brown, Light Centre" (39), "Snowdrift" (43), to mention a few at random. Nevertheless, the general impression of the exhibition is that the potter and the painter alike are murdering the thing they love.

Infant Prodigies Past and Present: Miss Daphne Allen at Messrs. Stevens and Brown's, and Miss Peggy Somerville at the Claridge Gallery.

Two "infant" prodigies are now before the public—Miss Peggy Somerville and Miss Daphne Allen. Miss Peggy is in her ninth, Miss Daphne in her twenty-ninth year; but Miss Allen, who was twenty years ago an astonishing infant phenomenon, continues as she began; which is a pity,



POT
Smoke-grey Resist Decoration

By Staité Murray
(Lefèvre Galleries)



POT
Nocturne in Black and Bronze

By Staité Murray
(Lefèvre Galleries)

especially since her landscapes here show that she could be quite grown up, not only in execution, as she always seems to have been, but also in ideas. As for Miss Peggy, her case is exceedingly strange. Miss Allen was always enamoured of elves and fairies; Miss Peggy prefers pigs and horses and gipsies and beggars, not the kind of thing one would expect a little girl to be enamoured of. Hers is surely a case of dual personality, for even in her execution there is nothing ladylike, nor anything that an art-student would do. There are a good many things in this exhibition which any child might have done, though, perhaps, few children would have chosen to draw; but there are also other things which look for all the world like sketches and notes by a mature painter, even by a master—"Figures" (47), for instance, or "Bowl of Flowers" (11). One has not the feeling that Miss Peggy "knows what she is doing"—these things just come, and when the "master" is uppermost they are astounding, so far as they go; when he is not in control, as often happens, the work is normal.

Art News and Notes



MEADOW CRANESBILL
AND BROOM

By Winifred Nicholson
(The Lefèvre Galleries)

Three Polish Artists: Professor Noakowski, Stefan Felsztynski, and Piotr Potworowski at the Claridge Gallery

The kind of art for which M. Stefan Felsztynski seems to stand reached its climax in England after Beardsley in Sime and Arthur Rackham. M. Felsztynski's work therefore appears to us not by any means as incompetent but merely out of date, despite the fact that it has qualities different from the work of the artist just mentioned. M. Potworowski's models of ships seem to me much better than his paintings of them.

The greatest artist of the three is unquestionably Professor Noakowski, whose imaginative drawings with the brush of "The Spirit of Polish Baroque" are really spirited, and convey in their very handling what the artist obviously intended. They are works of quite exceptional merit, picturesque without sacrificing an ounce of architectural weight.

Australian Artists at the Abbey Gallery.

The exhibition of etchings, woodcuts, and aquatints by Australian artists is rather what one would expect it to be, namely, very much like an exhibition of the kind by any other group of British artists. Mr. Sydney Long's, A.R.E., "Soft-ground Pastoral" (7) and "The Old Mill" (3) are attractive and technically interesting. "Landscape, Bucks" (11) and "Strand-on-the-Green" (15) are also worth noting. Of Mr. Lionel Lindsay's work the unusual "Anacapri" (20) is doubtless the most notable, but "St. Andres, Toledo" (26) and "The Convent, Huelvas" (27) are also fine designs. Mr. H. van Raalte's, A.R.E., coloured aquatint of "Tea Roses in a Grey-blue Bowl" (39)

is almost too perfect. Amongst Mr. Sydney Ure Smith's things "Argyle Cut in 1926" (57) is the most interesting. His "Country Road" (59), an excellent but vignettised composition, demonstrates how much vignetting always detracts from design. Of Mr. A. E. Webb's colour-prints "Shags" (65) (wooden piles each capped with a bird) is quite delightful, but surpassed by the "White Sail" (72), and especially the poetic "Fisherman—Misty Morning" (70). Mr. Norman Lindsay also exhibits. His case is interesting; his mind belongs to the Hans Makart complex of forty years ago. Makart's art was very popular once amongst the bourgeoisie, because it was supposed to be sensual, but, like Mr. Lindsay's, it lacked the real stuff.

"The Chinese Chippendale Room" and "The Blue Drawing-Room," Buckingham Palace.

These two pictures, a special feature of the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, which were painted by Mr. Richard Jack, R.A., have been reproduced in colour-facsimile by permission of Her Majesty the Queen, and are announced for publication by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., of Bristol. These magnificent reproductions, size 24 in. by 19 in., are issued in two states: limited edition of 260 signed artist's proofs at £6 6s. each, and prints to appear later at £2 2s. each.

Our illustration is of "The Blue Drawing-Room," and gives merely an idea of the composition, but the richness of the colour reproductions is remarkable. Messrs. Frost and Reed inform us that Her Majesty the Queen has expressed her complete satisfaction with these facsimiles, and that the artist has also approved them.

The artist's signed proofs are stamped by the Fine Art Trade Guild.

Messrs. Frost and Reed are well known for the excellence of their colour reproductions, and the two subjects here mentioned are no exception to their usual standard of excellence.



THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM,
BUCKINGHAM PALACE

By Richard Jack, R.A.

(Published in facsimile by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., Bristol)

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts



The illustration above is of considerable interest from more than one point of view. It is a reduction of one of a series of modern woodcuts reproducing the wall and ceiling paintings in the cloisters of the Cathedral at Brixen in the Tyrol.

These paintings, of which there are a considerable number, belong to the Brixen School, dating from the end of the fourteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, the cloisters being of a much earlier date—*circa* A.D. 1200—than the present "Dom," which is one of the most important examples of Italianate Baroque architecture in the Tyrol.

The cloisters, formerly covered by a flat roof but vaulted during the second half of the fourteenth century, embrace twenty arcades, of which fifteen are decorated with frescoes, many of them, especially in the northern part, done in a peculiar technique which gives them the appearance of a varnished surface. The individual arcades were apparently decorated as memorials to the various "Domherren," or Deans of the Cathedral. The subjects are taken from the Passion and from the lives of the saints. Most of the paintings are in a good state of preservation, and have—with one unimportant exception—never been over-painted. The whole of the cloisters were restored in 1886. The frescoes have been reproduced by photography. The interest, however, that attaches to the series of woodcuts published last year is that they interpret the spirit of the work much more faithfully than the photographs. They have the appearance of contemporary prints. Moreover, in the hand-coloured edition, we see the woodcut precisely as it was intended to be used by the Formschneider or Briefmaler of the early fifteenth century.

After nearly a hundred years, during which photography has immeasurably widened and deepened and generally changed our outlook on art, we are beginning to recognize that the mechanical eye of the camera which sees so much more, and also so much otherwise than our naked eye, is unable to render the spirit or to interpret the significance of a work of art—a capacity which belongs exclusively to the artist.

These woodcuts are the work of Herr Hans André, of Vienna, a young Tyrolean artist who has made a

name both as a painter and as a sensitive and original woodcutter.

Ship Models at the Sporting Gallery

Ship models are rising in favour with collectors (only the other day one such fetched over £3,000 at auction); the Sporting Gallery therefore seem well advised in continuing their annual exhibition of ship models, of which the present one is the second. It embraces picture models by Frank H. Mason: for example, the Arctic whaler "Hope," with whale and iceberg complete; sailor-made models, builders' models, and an especially fine collection of French prisoner-of-war-made models of the Napoleonic era, of which the "Ship of the Line," illustrated below, is a capital example. It is only a small piece: hull, 5 in. over all, spar 7 in., but highly wrought in wood, with copper bottom; it is placed on a two-tier stand of



"SHIP OF THE LINE"

French prisoner-of-war model.

plaited straw and carved wood, which in itself is a little work of art. Other interesting items are a "Dutch Hooker," a trading and passenger cutter of 1780-1800, and the large "De Zeven Provinciën," a Dutch East Indiaman of 1772, 5 ft. long.

Mr. Charles Carstairs

We have to record with much regret the very sudden death of Mr. Charles Carstairs, a director of Messrs. Knoedler's. Mr. Carstairs was not only a great dealer who handled works of art worth hundreds of thousands, but he was also an exceedingly popular man. His death will be mourned by all who came in contact with him, whether as employees, clients, or personal relations and friends.

